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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1903

WITH CHAMBERLAIN SUPPLEMENT:
A PICTORIAL INTERVIEW. SIXPENCE

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THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE SINCE HIS ILLNESS: THE KAISER AND HIS CONSORT AT THE ROYAL THEATRE, BERLIN.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.

On entering the royal box on December 12, his Imperial Majesty was enthusiastically cheered by the audience. The play was the comedy "Im Bunten Rock."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

We walk daily in the midst of perils, and yet the worst of them are hidden from us. I take my morning dose of blue ruin from the journals on both sides of the fiscal controversy. I look abroad, and an American writer kindly obliges with a demonstration that neither Free Trade nor Protection threatens us with the abyss, but the British Monarchy. This is all in the day's delights. But when I read an article by Professor Goldwin Smith in the *North American Review*, it gives me a perfectly original shock. "Suppose tobacco," says the Professor, "were to go out of fashion, as some sanitary authorities say it ought, there would be a serious gap in the Budget." After a brief swoon I showed this passage to a prosperous friend in the tobacco business; and upon my word, I thought he would have a fit! "Do you think there is anything in it?" he asked. "Well," I said, "the sanitary authorities, as you know, have enormous influence over the public. When the *Lancet* stated that the man who has his head shampooed breathes death from the waste-pipe of the barber's basin, shampooing went out of fashion at once. Now that the hostility of some sanitary authorities to tobacco is reinforced by the authority of Goldwin Smith, only one thing can happen. In a few months there will not be a smoker left. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will be confronted by a ruinous deficit. Yes, it is all up with our beloved country!"

"But tobacco is not a fashion," he urged. "Do you mean to tell me that any man smokes a pipe merely because other men smoke pipes? Tobacco, Sir, is a food. Suppress it, and multitudes would starve. It is the inspiration of genius, and the solace of age. Without tobacco, where would be—" "Gently," I broke in, patting him on the back. "This is all very well, my friend; but you are in the business. Solace of age, indeed! Take away tobacco, and lots of old paupers would drop off, and we should have a great saving of money. As for genius, where do you find tobacco in Shakspere? He stood out against it. Not a character of his was allowed to smoke, not even Sir Toby. He retired to Stratford simply to get away from the fumes at the Mermaid. That merry meeting you read about, which was said to have caused his end, had nothing to do with liquor. Drayton and others came down from town, and smoked the poor Bard to death. Tobacco had that effect on him, just as the scent of roses brings some sensitive people out in a rash. He fell ill, and died." "Heaven! is it possible?" ejaculated my friend. "Oh, the facts will come out before long," I said. "Sidney Lee can't keep them dark for ever, although he is in league with the tobacconists. Didn't Swinburne applaud James I. for cutting off Raleigh's head—Raleigh, who discovered tobacco, 'scurvy, roguish tobacco,' as somebody calls it in Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair'? When all these things are pressed upon the public mind by Goldwin Smith and the sanitary authorities, you will see a revulsion of feeling. The day it is understood that Shakspere died of tobacco will be an ill day for your trade and the national revenue. *Delenda est Tobago!*"

The anti-tobacconist must often dream of the surpassing moral force that would have accrued to the nation if the injurious weed had never sprung from the earth. What demigods we might be if there were no cigarettes! In the *North American* Mr. Ernest Crosby asks his countrymen to ponder what they have lost by their Civil War. They fought for the ideal of the Union, "to preserve the size of the country." It was the Northern devotion to "bigness" which cost so many lives. "If the South had been allowed to go," says Mr. Crosby, slavery would have died a natural death, and the seceding States would have gradually returned to the original fold. But this resumption of "bigness" would hardly have accorded with Mr. Crosby's ideal of civilisation—something "restricted to narrow areas," such as Athens and Jerusalem and Florence of old. The American has no instinctive hankering for a narrow area. He thinks of one gigantic eagle, stretching its wings from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and not of an assemblage of small eagles, each brooding over an independent nest. But anything was better than war, urges the philosopher, for war has "never yet settled any question, except the question as to which side is the stronger." I should have thought that the ultimate composition of the English race was settled at Hastings, although it took a century and a half to assimilate Saxon and Norman. It needed a good deal of fighting to settle the rather important question whether Christendom was to prevail in Europe or the Moor. But if the battle-axes had been buried, all the pretensions of the Moslem might have died a natural death. If human nature were something different from what it is, all the right causes might have succeeded without bloodshed.

What a Millennium! Bigotry, greed, envy, malice, all hiding their diminished heads before the pure gaze of reason; and every narrow area with its own delightful civilisation! No horrid Empires; no devastating wars;

no cynical statecraft; no demoralising maxims, such as that you cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs. I cannot guess what we should all be thinking about under such a blessed dispensation; but there would certainly be no question at this moment as to the propriety of political bias in topical songs. Should we have had topical songs in the Millennium? Perhaps not; but at least we should have known how to write them according to the formula submitted by the peaceful citizen who does not like politics in his pantomime. Topical songs, says he, should not "take sides." The lyrical genius of the music-hall should indicate the humours of the fiscal fray without disclosing his artless prepossessions. He might do it in this style—

There's lots of go in Joe,
And Asquith ain't a muff;
There's Roseberry,
As smart as can be,
And Harcourt up to snuff.
If you want to skip with a tip,
If you want to be on the spot,
Then take my card
To Scotland Yard,
And tell 'em to nab the lot!

I fear that would not command general favour. It would be thought a trifle too detached from human sympathies. And a pantomime audience is deplorably human.

I am glad to note that Mr. Walkley's philosophy about the theatrical crowd is a little more cheerful. He has found it hitherto an infantile, maudlin crowd, squalling for toys and "pap." But now it is growing up. "The new crowd is no longer a great baby, but an intelligent adult." And yet the growth is not so sudden as it might appear. When Thackeray called the public "a great baby," he wrote even earlier than the period of theatrical taste described by Sir Francis Burnand in his "Reminiscences." If you want to know what the crowd enjoyed, then read the account of Wright and Paul Bedford. Sir Francis Burnand brings the scene vividly before you. Wright came down to the footlights, his droll face throwing the house into fits of laughter. He made futile efforts to speak, then pretended to be vexed, and turned up the stage, disclosing great patches on his trousers. At this inspiring sight men and women gave way to frantic mirth, the ladies "hiding their blushes behind their fans." Remember that this was no pantomime for children, but the favourite amusement of educated citizens.

At the music-hall, this tradition of childish buffoonery still prevails. A skilful acrobat will sometimes disguise himself as a "knockabout" droll, patched trousers and all. He will grin like the village idiot, and strive to make you believe that he has not been washed for months. So far as I have observed, these superfluous ornaments are entirely wasted. Nobody laughs, and no blushes are hidden behind fans. Even the music-hall crowd is older than it was; and when it is treated as "a great baby" it is simply bored. This is no resentful boredom, but a pathetic tolerance of a lifeless convention. Having nowhere else to go, the music-hall crowd is resigned to the patched trousers, and smokes itself into a harmless torpor. The Chancellor of the Exchequer should take a professional interest in this form of entertainment. If some statistician, say Mr. Holt Schooling, could test the mental stimulus of the music-hall by the consumption of tobacco, it might be found that the prosperity of the national revenue depends to a dangerous extent upon the dullness of the show.

PROGRESS OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

(See Supplement.)

The Duke of Devonshire has advised all electors who sympathise with the objects of the Free Food League to give no support to any Unionist candidate at an election who upholds Mr. Chamberlain's policy. This is regarded as virtually a declaration of war against the Government, as Mr. Balfour has called upon the "Ministerial party" to support candidates who, like Dr. Rutherford Harris, have openly avowed their sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain. At Tredegar, Sir William Harcourt argued that the British farmer would suffer from Canadian competition if the duty of two shillings on foreign corn should be adopted. He would make no compromise with any general policy of Protection or with the taxation of food.

At Edinburgh, Lord Rosebery ridiculed Mr. Balfour for attempting to turn the brunt of the War Commission Report against a former Liberal Administration. On the fiscal question Lord Rosebery laid much stress on the proposed stimulus to Colonial wheat-growing. "I say that the effect of this two-shilling duty, which I do not think is likely to be increased, is, first, inadequate to benefit the British farmer directly; and, secondly, would only stimulate an illimitable area of competition." Moreover, the depopulation of the rural districts would be increased by the Canadian farmers' demand for more agricultural labour.

Mr. Chamberlain's political career is outlined in our Supplement, in which the ex-Minister's home life is also illustrated by drawings made by our Special Artist at Highbury.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

NEW AND IMPROVED SLEEPING CARS

BETWEEN

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

Now run on the following Trains:

		Saturdays excepted.	p.m.	Saturdays excepted.	p.m.	Saturdays excepted.	p.m.	midn.
LONDON (St. Pancras) dep.	7 30	8 30	9 30	10 30	10 30	11 30	12 0
Leicester	8K 54	9K 25	9K 25	10 25	10 25	12 0	2 0
Nottingham	9K 30	10 30	10 30	11 30	11 30	12 0	2K 0
Leeds	9K 30	10 30	10 30	11 30	11 30	12 0	1P 58
Carlisle arr.	1 30	2 30	2 30	3 30	3 30	4 15	4 5
Dumfries			3 30	4 15	4 15	5 15	6 25
Stranraer Harbour (for Belfast and North of Ireland)			5 45	6D 20	6D 20	7 24	8 24
Kilmarnock			6U 10	7D 10	7D 10	8 0	9 0
Glasgow (St. Enoch)			7D 10	8 45	8 45	9 45	10GB 5
Edinburgh (Waverley)			8 45	9 45	9 45	10 45	11GB 5
Dundee	9 28	10 20	10 20	11 20	11 20	12 0	1G B27
Perth						8A 55	9GB 0
ABERDEEN						11DA 10	12GB 0

		Saturdays excepted.	p.m.	Saturdays excepted.	p.m.	Saturdays excepted.	p.m.	WEEKDAYS.	SUNDAYS.
ABERDEEN dep.		5V 30		7 45		..	3V 30	..
Perth		7 55		4V 10	..
Dundee		7V 30		9 35		..	5V 30	..
Edinburgh (St. Enoch)		10 0		11 30		9 15	9 30	..
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	9 30	10 10		11 30		9 55	10 10	..
Kilmarnock							11W 7	12W 5
Stranraer Harbour (from Belfast and North of Ireland)	9 8	10 10		12C 50		11 18	12 0	..
Dumfries	11 31	12 25		12C 50		11 18	12 0	..
Carlisle		12 45		12C 50		11 18	12 0	..
Leeds arr.	2 52	3 10		4 10		2 35	2 52	..
Sheffield	4T 8	4 8		5S 10		3T 57	3 57	..
Nottingham	5T 17	5 17		6Q 0		5T 1	5 1	..
Leicester	5 4	6DR 57		6DQ 57		4 50	6R 57	..
LONDON (St. Pancras)	7 10	7 50		8 5		7 0	7 35	..

A Sleeping Car to Edinburgh and Glasgow only. B Sleeping Car to Glasgow only. C Monday mornings excepted. D Arrives later on Sundays. E Leaves 9 p.m. on Sundays. F Passengers for Dumfries, Kilmarnock, and Glasgow leave Leeds at 2 a.m., and arrive Carlisle 4.30 a.m. G Sunday excepted. H 10.20 p.m. I Sundays. J Passengers join the Sleeping Cars at Nottingham on weekdays and London on Sunday nights. K Join the Sleeping Cars at Leeds. L Leave the Sleeping Car at Trent. M Leave the Sleeping Car at Leeds. N Leave the Sleeping Cars at Masborough. O Leave the Sleeping Car at Dumfries. P Join the Sleeping Car at Edinburgh. W Monday mornings.

CHRISTMAS ARRANGEMENTS, 1903.

Relief Trains will be run from St. Pancras and other points as circumstances require in addition to the usual EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICES BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) AND THE MIDLAND COUNTIES, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, &c., THE NORTH AND WEST OF ENGLAND, &c., &c., WITH

Family Saloon and Corridor Cars.	DINING CARS.	SLEEPING CARS.	Through Carriages.
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CHRISTMAS DAY.

On CHRISTMAS DAY the Trains will run as appointed for Sundays, with the exception of the Newspaper Express leaving ST. PANCRAS at 5.15 a.m., which will be run to Bedford (with connection to Northampton), Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, and Manchester, as on ordinary week-days, and will also call at St. Albans and Luton; and a connecting Train will leave Derby at 8.20, reaching Burton at 8.30 a.m. The 9.5 a.m. Sheffield to Leeds, &c., will await the arrival of the Newspaper Express at Sheffield.

UP NIGHT SCOTCH EXPRESSES will leave GLASGOW at 9.30 and EDINBURGH at 10 p.m., and Carlisle at 12.25 and 12.45 a.m. for London, and 2.5 a.m. for Manchester and Liverpool, on Friday night, December 25, and Saturday morning, December 26.

The SLEEPING CAR EXPRESSES, 3.10 a.m. Carlisle to Stranraer, and 9.30 p.m. Stranraer Harbour to Carlisle, will run, and the Steamers will sail between Stranraer and Larne as on week-days.

BANK HOLIDAY AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

ON BANK HOLIDAY, DECEMBER 26, and on JANUARY 1, certain booked Trains will be WITHDRAWN. These will be found duly notified in the Time Tables and by special Notices at the Stations.

Some of the LUNCHEON and DINING CARS and THROUGH CARRIAGES will also be SUSPENDED on BANK HOLIDAY, DECEMBER 26.

EXCURSIONS.

SEE CHRISTMAS PROGRAMMES OF EXCURSIONS, which may be had at MIDLAND stations and agencies on application.

WEEK-END AND TOURIST TICKETS.

Week-end Tickets will be issued on Fridays, December 19 and 26, from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and other MIDLAND STATIONS to the principal Holiday and Health Resorts. Winter Tourist Tickets are also issued to numerous places in England and Wales.

ALL INFORMATION.

Respecting ORDINARY, WINTER TOURIST, WEEK-END, and other TICKETS, RESERVED COMPARTMENTS, CONVEYANCE OF LUGGAGE in ADVANCE, and other arrangements for the travelling comfort of passengers, will be promptly given on application to Mr. G. Arnold, District Superintendent, St. Pancras Station, London, or to any MIDLAND Station Master or Agent.

COOK'S CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS, CITY STATIONS, WOOLWICH, GREENWICH, &c.

TO THE NORTH AND SCOTLAND.

On THURSDAY, December 24, for 4 or 16 days, and on THURSDAY, December 31, for 7 or 16 days, to NEWCASTLE, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stranraer, &c., from St. Pancras at 10 p.m., Kentish Town 10.30 p.m., and Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) at 8.30 p.m.; and to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, Aberdeen, &c., leaving St. Pancras at 7.30 p.m., Kentish Town at 6.24 p.m., and Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) at 5.20 p.m. Passengers will also be booked from Moorgate Street, Aldersgate Street, and Farringdon Street, by any Midland or Metropolitan train, to King's Cross or Kentish Town to join these trains at St. Pancras or Kentish Town.

On THURSDAY MIDNIGHT, December 24, for 2, 3, 4, or 8 days, from St. Pancras, at 12.30, to NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, and BRADFORD; and at 12.35 to LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, STOCKPORT, MANCHESTER, WARRINGTON, and LIVERPOOL. Also on SATURDAY, December 26, for 1, 2, or 3 days, to LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, and NOTTINGHAM from St. Pancras at 8.30 a.m.

On SATURDAY, December 26, to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON, for one day, from St. Pancras, at 8.35 a.m., 9.45 a.m., and 10.35 a.m

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1903.

Additional Express Trains will be run, and Special Arrangements made in connection with the London and North Western Passenger Trains for the Christmas Holidays, full particulars of which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

EXCURSIONS

From EUSTON, BROAD STREET, KENSINGTON (ADDISON ROAD), GREENWICH, WOOLWICH, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, and other LONDON STATIONS.

ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23,

to DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Achill, Ardglass, Armagh, Ballina, Bray, Bantry, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Kenmare, Killarney, Limerick, Listowel, Londonderry, Navan, Newcastle (Co. Down), Newry, Ovoca, Portrush, Rathdrum, Roscommon, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 23,

to Abergavenny, Aberystwyth, Ashbourne, Barnstaple, Birmingham, Blaenavon, Brecon, Builth Wells, Burton, Buxton, Carmarthen, Coventry, Craven Arms, Criccieth, Derby, Dolgellau, Dumfries, Dundee, Dudley, Elgin, Fife, Folkestone, Gloucester, Hereford, Kendal, Leamington, Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llanidloes, Llanrwtyd Wells, Merthyr Tydfil, Northampton, North Staffordshire Company's Stations, Oswestry, Portmadoc, Preston, Pwllheli, Rhyl, Ruthin, St. Asaph's-on-Sea, St. Helens, Southport, Whitehaven, Wigan, Workington, &c., returning on December 26, 27, or 28, and on January 1.

ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24,

to Aberdovey, Abergavenny, Aberystwyth, Ashbourne, Barnstaple, Birmingham, Blaenavon, Builth Wells, Burton, Buxton, Carmarthen, Coventry, Craven Arms, Criccieth, Derby, Dolgellau, Dumfries, Dundee, Dudley, Elgin, Fife, Folkestone, Gloucester, Hereford, Kendal, Leamington, Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llanidloes, Llanrwtyd Wells, Merthyr Tydfil, Northampton, North Staffordshire Company's Stations, Oswestry, Portmadoc, Preston, Pwllheli, Rhyl, Ruthin, St. Asaph's-on-Sea, St. Helens, Southport, Whitehaven, Wigan, Workington, &c., returning on December 26, 27, or 28, and on January 1.

ON THURSDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 24,

to Ashton, Carlisle, Crewe, Lichfield, Liverpool, Macclesfield, Manchester, Maryport, Nantwich, Oldham, Rugby, Stanhope, Stockbridge, Stockport, Stoke-on-Trent, Tamworth, Warrington, returning December 26, 27, or 28, and on January 1.

ON THURSDAY NIGHTS, DECEMBER 24, for 4 and 16 days, and DECEMBER 31, for 7 and 16 days,

to CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Ayr, Balloch, Ballater, Banff, Brechin, Buckie, Callander, Castle Douglas, Crieff, Cruden Bay, Dufftown, Dunbarton, Dunfermline, Dundee, Dundalk, Elgin, Forfar, Forres, Gourock, Grantown, Greenock, Huntly, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcudbright, Loch Awe, Moffat, Montrose, Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Peebles, Perth, Stirling, Stonehaven, Stranraer, Strathpeffer, Whithorn, Wigton, and other places in Scotland.

ON EVERY SATURDAY until further notice,

to Bedford, Bletchley, Blisworth, Brackley, Buckingham, Leighton, Rugby, Woburn Sands, and Wolverton, returning same day or following Sunday or Monday. To Newport Pagnell, returning same day or following Monday.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations and Parcel Receiving Offices.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

London, December 1903.

HARWICH

ROYAL BRITISH MAIL ROUTE.

HOOK OF HOLLAND—QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY.

Daily (Sundays included) at 8.30 p.m. from Liverpool Street Station.

NEW SERVICE TO BERLIN AND NORTH GERMANY.

ACCELERATED SERVICE TO DRESDEN AND VIENNA.

Through Carriages and Restaurant Cars between the Hook of Holland, Berlin, Cologne, and Bielefeld.

ANTWERP, every Week-day, at 8.40 p.m., from Liverpool Street Station. DIRECT SERVICE to Harwich, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are steel screw vessels, lighted throughout by electricity, and sail under the British Flag.

HAMBURG, by G. S. N. Co.'s Steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

ESBJERG, for Denmark and Scandinavia, by the Royal Danish Mail Steamers of the U.S.S. Co. of Copenhagen. Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LIVERPOOL STREET HOTEL adjoins the London terminus.

Particulars from H. C. AMENDT, Manager.

SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

EXCURSIONS from LONDON to the CONTINENT.—PARIS and Back, via CALAIS or BOULOGNE, 30s.; BRUSSELS and Back, via CALAIS or BOULOGNE, 22s. rd., via OSTEND, 18s. 4d.; the RIVIERA and Back, via BOULOGNE, 132s. For full Particulars see Bills.

THIRD-CLASS CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, BEKHILL, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNCLIFFE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA) will be issued from LONDON by certain Trains before noon on DECEMBER 24, and available for Return Journey, DECEMBER 25 to 28, inclusive.

WEEK-END CHEAP TICKETS will be issued on December 25, 26, and 27, as usual but not available for Return Journey prior to December 27.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24.—A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12.55 midnight, WATERLOO 1 a.m., CANNON STREET 1.6 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 1.12 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 1.19 a.m. A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, SHEERNESS, FAVERSHAM, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12.25 midnight, and HOLBORN 12.20 midnight. WEEK-END CHEAP TICKETS will be issued by these Trains.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

BOXING DAY.—CHEAP PANTOMIME EXCURSIONS FROM PRINCIPAL STATIONS TO LONDON, returning about midnight. Frequent Special and Ordinary Trains from VICTORIA, HOLBORN, LUDGATE HILL, and ST. PAUL'S, to the CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL STATION) and vice versa.

During the Holidays several Trains will be withdrawn or altered.

For further particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

On December 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, and 24, additional trains will be run to meet the requirements of traffic.

On Thursday, December 24, a special express, at ordinary fares, will leave London (King's Cross) at 12.20 midnight, Finsbury Park 12.25, for Welwyn, Stevenage, Hitchin, Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neots, Huntingdon, Holme, Peterborough, Spalding, Boston, Louth, Grimsby, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Lister Dyke, Bradford, Halifax, Selby, York.

On CHRISTMAS DAY the trains will run on Sundays, with the exception that an additional express will leave London (King's Cross) at 5.15 a.m. for Peterborough, Ely, Newark, Bawtry, Stamford, Bourne, Lincoln, Nottingham, York, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Batley, and Halifax, stopping at the intermediate stations at which it usually calls on Week-days, and connecting at York with trains for Thirsk, Northallerton, Darlington, Leamside, Durham, Gateshead, Newcastle, Morpeth, Alnmouth, Belford, Berwick, Dunbar, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS, SUBURBAN STATIONS, &c.).

On Thursday, December 24, for 4 or 16 days, and Thursday, December 31, for 7 or 16 days, to NORTHALLERTON, DARLINGTON, RICHMOND, DURHAM, NEWCASTLE, ALNWICK, BERWICK, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, OBAN, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, INVERNESS, and other stations in Scotland.

On Thursday, December 24, for 3, 4, 5, or 9 days, to PRINCIPAL STATIONS IN NORFOLK, LINCOLNSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, LANCSHIRE, YORKSHIRE, NORTH EASTERN DISTRICT, &c.

On BOXING DAY Saturday, December 26, for 1 day to HATFIELD, ST. ALBANS, HERTFORD, WHEATHAMSTEAD, HARPENDEN, LUTON, DUNSTABLE, HITCHIN, BALDOCK, ROYSTON, and CAMBRIDGE; also for 1, 2, or 3 days, to HUNTINGDON, PETERBOROUGH, GRANTHAM, and NOTTINGHAM.

For fares and full particulars see bills, to be obtained at the Company's stations and own offices.

NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1903.

TRAINS

Every few Minutes to and from

SHOREDITCH,

for

STANDARD THEATRE,

"In a Woman's Grip";

The "LONDON" and "CAMBRIDGE" MUSIC HALLS (Variety Entertainments);

DALSTON JUNCTION,

for the

ALEXANDRA THEATRE,

Pantomime, "The Sleeping Beauty";

and the

DALSTON THEATRE,

"The Toreador."

Every Fifteen Minutes to and from

CHALK FARM

(for PRIMROSE HILL, REGENT'S PARK, and the BOTANIC and ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS);

HIGHBURY and ISLINGTON,

for the

AGRICULTURAL HALL—"WORLD'S FAIR"

and

MARLBOROUGH THEATRE—Pantomime, "Dick Whittington";

HACKNEY,

In connection (by means of Covered Gallery) with Great Eastern Suburban

Trains to

CHINGFORD

(for EPPING FOREST, &c.);

VICTORIA PARK,

BOW (for BOW AND BROMLEY INSTITUTE, and the PEOPLE'S PALACE),

HAMPSTEAD HEATH and WILLESDEN JUNCTION.

Every Half-hour to and from

KEW BRIDGE

(for KEW GARDENS),

ADDISON' ROAD, KENSINGTON

for the

"NATIONAL SPORTS EXHIBITION,"

AT OLYMPIA (covered way, from Station);

SOUTH KENSINGTON

for the IMPERIAL INSTITUTE,

and

SOUTH KENSINGTON and NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUMS);

With a Train Service in connection with the

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Every Hour to and from

RICHMOND,

for

TEDDINGTON (BUSHEY PARK) and HAMPTON COURT.

FREQUENT TRAINS

to and from

FINSBURY PARK

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CHEAP THROUGH TICKETS

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FOOTBALL MATCHES—KENSAL RISE (Athletic Ground).

Xmas Day ... Queen's Park Rangers v. Millwall;

Boxing Day ... " " v. Watford.

Broad Street Station, December, 1903. FRED. J. DUNN, General Manager.

LONDON BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

WINTER SEASON ON THE SOUTH COAST.

NOTICE TO GOLFERS.—New Trains to London.

EVERY WEEK-DAY EXCEPT SATURDAYS & CHRISTMAS DAY.—From Bognor 7.48 a.m., Littlehampton 7.42 a.m., Worthing 8.22 a.m., Hove 8.39 a.m., due at London Bridge 9.50 a.m.

From London Bridge 12.55 p.m., due at Arundel 2.27 p.m., Littlehampton 2.56 p.m., Bognor 3.5 p.m.

MONDAYS ONLY.—From Hastings 8.15 a.m., Bexhill 8.31 a.m., Seaford 8.40 a.m., due at London Bridge 10.20 a.m.

From Victoria 5.20 p.m., due at Seaford 6.50 p.m., Bexhill 7.1 p.m., Hastings 7.18 p.m.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE QUEEN'S ESCAPE. The early hours of the morning of Dec. 10 saw a strange scene of alarm at Sandringham and the narrow escape of the Queen from fire. The Hon. Charlotte Knollys, her Majesty's Woman of the Bedchamber, who occupies a room immediately above that of the Queen, was awakened by smoke and the pungent smell of burning wood, to discover that the floor was ablaze. She at once realised the seriousness of the situation. Descending to the Queen's bed-room, Miss Knollys hastily roused her Majesty and hurried her to a place of safety. With admirable promptitude, the house fire-brigade, organised by his Majesty after the destructive fire of 1891, turned out and began to play upon the flames, which were soon got under control. It appeared that her Majesty had made her escape none too soon, for the brigade had hardly got to work when the ceiling of the room collapsed. The contiguity of the Queen's room with Miss Knollys' and the origin of the fire are fully explained on the page where we illustrate the occurrence. Her Majesty was none the worse for her unpleasant adventure, and during the day sent a special messenger to Elveden Hall, where the King was staying, to reassure his Majesty. On his way back to town on Dec. 12, King Edward visited Sandringham and inspected the damage caused by the fire, and thanked the house fire-brigade.

THE KAISER. The Kaiser's first public appearance in Berlin since his illness took place on Dec. 12, and did more than the opinion of many doctors to reassure the public mind as to his Majesty's health. He visited first the Art Academy at Charlottenberg, where he inspected plans

for the decoration of the new Cathedral, and his voice, when he spoke to the artist, is said to have been clear and sonorous. In the evening the Emperor and Empress visited the Royal Theatre, where they saw the comedy "Im Bunten Rock." The Emperor wore the uniform of a cuirassier, and had a very hearty reception, being loudly cheered on his appearance. A considerable crowd assembled to see their Majesties come and go.

THE CHAUCER BUST. A marble bust of Chaucer, the gift of Sir Reginald Hanson, has been placed in the library of the Guildhall. There is a fair consensus of opinion as to what manner of man Chaucer was, and Mr. Frampton has in the bust followed the traditional lines, and has presented with wonderful success the grave humour of the father of English poetry. Dr. Furnivall delivered the inaugural address, in which he dwelt upon Chaucer's connection with London. He moved a resolution of acknowledgment to Sir Reginald Hanson, which was seconded by the Poet Laureate.

THE BESANT MEMORIAL. A memorial to Sir Walter Besant, subscribed for in great measure by the members of the Society of Authors, was unveiled on Dec. 11 in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

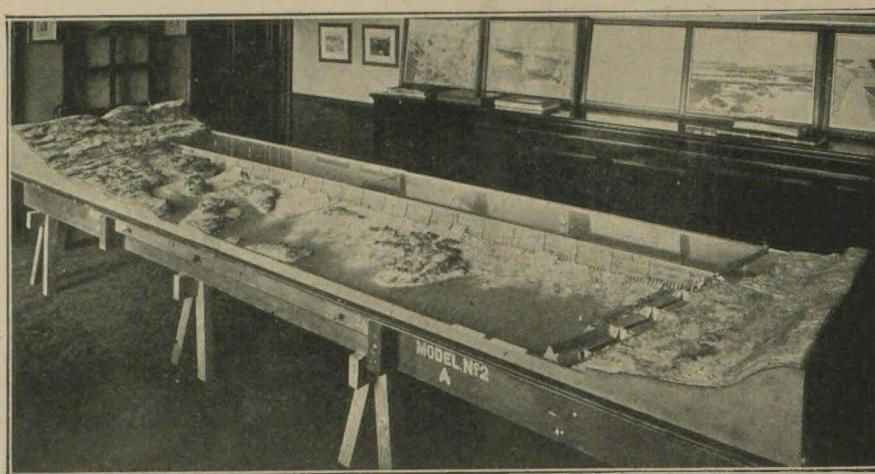
OUR PORTRAITS. The Rev. Richard Henry Killick, who died recently at Westgate-on-Sea in his ninety-third year, was, in his time, not only one of the best-known Anglican clerics in London, but, what is far

in after years. Mr. Killick, however, did not suffer his work to be hindered, and, assisted by influential friends and zealous fellow-workers, soon spread a net of parochial enterprises in which he safely enmeshed many of his poorer parishioners. When the King brought his bride to London, it was Mr. Killick who received her from the escort of the Lord Mayor at Temple Bar, and thenceforward led the procession westward, explaining to the Princess, as the cavalcade halted by his church, how the edifice, being built on the site of a former Danish settlement, was closely associated with her countrymen.

Captain Shelley Leopold Lawrence Scarlett, who by the tragic death of his second cousin becomes fifth Baron Abinger, was born in 1872, the son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel L. J. Y. C. Scarlett and Bessie Florence, daughter of Edward Gibson, of the Isle of Wight, and niece and adopted daughter of Sir Percy F. Shelley, third Baronet, and Lady Shelley. He has been Hon. Attaché to the British Legation at Berne and at Stockholm, and is a Captain in the 3rd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment. He married, in 1899, Lila Lucy Catherine, only daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir William White, and widow of the late Kammerherr C. E. de Geijer, of the Swedish Diplomatic Service.

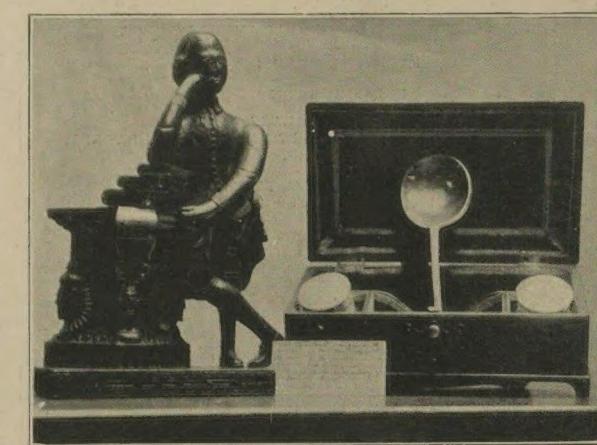
The late Right Rev. Charles Waldegrave Sandford, Bishop of Gibraltar, was born at Snowsgreen, Medomsley, Durham, in 1828, was the second son of the late Archdeacon Sandford, and thus grandson of Dr. Sandford, once Bishop of Edinburgh, and cousin to the late Lord Sandford. He was educated at Rugby and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he had a noteworthy career as student, Tutor, Censor, and Public Examiner. Though ordained deacon in 1855 and priest in the following year, it was not until 1870, when he was appointed Rector of Bishopsbourne, Kent, that he undertook any parochial duties. The late Bishop acted as chaplain to Dr. Tait when that cleric was Bishop of London, and later served him as examining chaplain and commissary.

The bye-elections at Dulwich and Lewisham, regarded by many electors as tests of the trend of public opinion with regard to Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy, have resulted in the election of two supporters of the Government, though by reduced majorities. Dr. F. Rutherford Harris, who takes the late Sir J. Blundell Maple's place as member for the Dulwich Division of Camberwell, with a majority of 1437 votes, is a son of the late Mr. George Anstruther Harris, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Madras, and was born in 1855. In 1882 he settled in Kimberley, and established a good medical practice there. Later, he became friendly with the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes; eventually acted first as his confidential agent, and secondly as secretary of the Chartered Company; and sat in the Cape Parliament for Kimberley. His association with the Jameson Raid has afforded considerable capital to his political opponents. At the General Election of 1900 Dr. Rutherford Harris was returned for the Monmouth Boroughs, but was unseated on petition.



A MODEL OF THE GREAT DAM AT ASSOUAN FOR THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.

The model, which is to be sent by Sir John Aird, the contractor, measures sixteen feet by four feet, and represents, accurately to scale, the dimensions of the original.

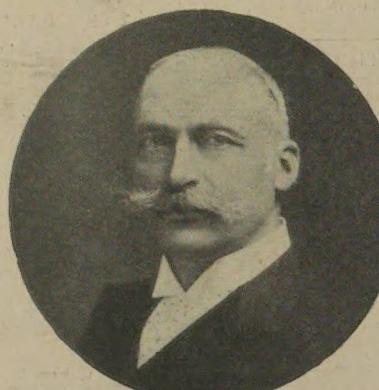
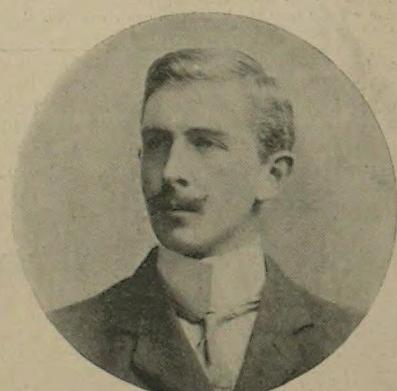


SHAKSPERE RELICS RECENTLY SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S.

The casket was made from the wood of a mulberry-tree planted by Shakspere, and fetched £120. The spoon here shown in the casket is of Jacobean workmanship. It is engraved with a full-length portrait of Shakspere, and bears his initials and those of Ann Hathaway. It fetched £75. The figure of Shakspere carved from the mulberry-tree fetched £40.



THE CITY'S TRIBUTE TO CHAUCER: MEMORIAL BUST UNVEILED AT THE GUILDFALL, DECEMBER 9.

MAJOR E. F. COATES,
NEW M.P. FOR LEWISHAM.DR. F. RUTHERFOORD HARRIS,
NEW M.P. FOR DULWICH.CAPTAIN S. L. L. SCARLETT,
SUCCEEDED TO ABINGER PEERAGE.THE LATE REV. R. H. KILICK,
FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. CLEMENT DANES,
STRAND.THE LATE RIGHT REV. C. W. SANDFORD,
BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR.COLONEL F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND,
BRITISH COMMISSIONER IN TIBET.

A representative company of literary men, artists, and the general public assisted at the ceremony, which was very brief. Mr. Douglas Freshfield, on behalf of Mr. George Meredith, opened the proceedings, and Lord Monkswell unveiled the monument.

centre of noisome alleys and mean streets—alleys and streets into which it were often hazardous for a lonely pedestrian to penetrate. At the same period, doubtless from the fact just mentioned, "slumming" was neither as fashionable nor as popular as it became

Major Edward Feltham Coates, the new member for Lewisham, polled 2012 more votes than his opponent. He was born on Feb. 28, 1853. He served for a time in the 3rd Battalion (West York Militia) of the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, but is now a

THE BYE-ELECTIONS: THE CHAMBERLAINITE VICTORIES AT DULWICH AND LEWISHAM.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES IN THE TWO SOUTH LONDON CONSTITUENCIES ON THE POLLING DAY, DECEMBER 15.

The contest was, in each case, extremely keen, and although in Dulwich, Sir Blundell Maple's former seat, the Conservative majority was considerably reduced, a Liberal victory was hardly to be hoped for in either case. For Dulwich, Dr. Rutherford Harris was returned by a majority of 1,437; while Major Coates won at Lewisham by a majority of 2,012.

stockbroker. At the last General Election he unsuccessfully contested the Elland Division of Yorkshire. He is one of his Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London, a member of the Surrey County Council, and a magistrate for Surrey and the North Riding of Yorkshire.

TIBET.

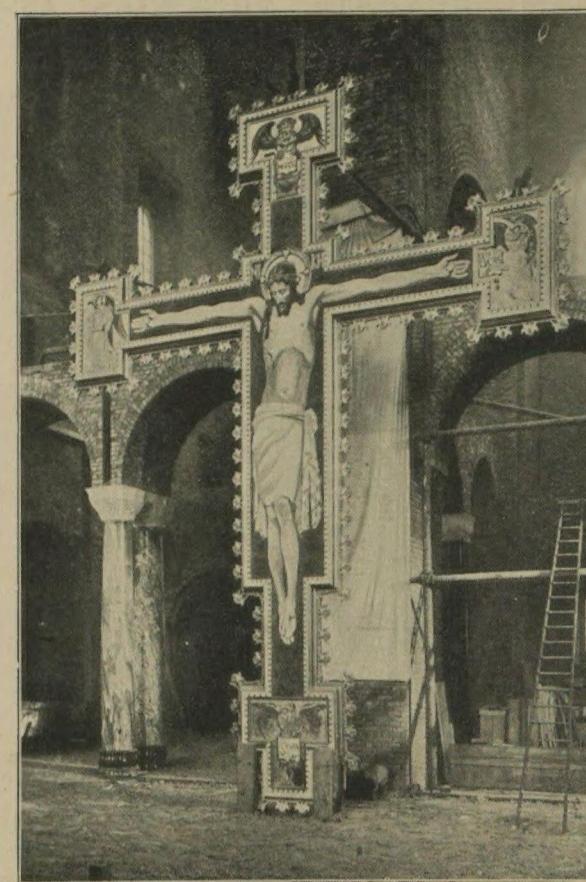
Our expedition to Tibet will, in all likelihood, resemble a military parade, for there is

little probability that the Tibetans will oppose our Mission by armed force. They will, of course, lodge the usual formal protest, and then, in process of time, another of the world's great mysteries will be solved, and Lassa will yield her secrets to the eyes of Thomas Atkins. The Dalai Lama has begged the Nepalese Government to interfere on his behalf, but the Prime Minister has replied that he is in entire sympathy with the British cause, and will even allow our troops to march through Nepal. Colonel Younghusband, the British Commissioner, and Colonel J. R. Macdonald, the military commander, are now moving from Darjeeling to the Chumbi Valley. There seems little doubt that the concentration will take place at Khamba Jong, where the Mission that waited in vain the coming of the Chinese envoy is still encamped. Lord Curzon's letters to the Grand Lama have been returned.

A MILTON MANUSCRIPT.

A manuscript of the first book of "Paradise Lost," which it is hoped the British Museum will have the enterprise to acquire for the nation, has just been placed in the hands of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge for sale. It must not, of course, be imagined that the copy is an autograph, for the poet had long been blind before he undertook his great work. It was Milton's habit to dictate at odd moments to any friend who happened to be by, so that the original manuscript of the poem was doubtless a congeries of odds and ends; but it is more than likely that these detached fragments were all copied fair by a professional scrivener before the work was sent to the printer. Edward Phillips, the poet's nephew, did a great deal of secretarial work for Milton, and it might have been assumed that this manuscript was from his hand were it not for the fact that in his "Memoirs" he makes no mention of any such important piece of copying. The

manuscript of the first book of "Paradise Lost," which it is hoped the British Museum will have the enterprise to



A CROSS FOR WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

The Cross will be raised over the High Altar.

in which he censured his Ministers' conduct of the negotiations with Russia. Their actions, his Majesty said, lacked prudence and circumspection; a rebuke which the House of Representatives supported in a reply voted without a division; and this departure

In Korea a riot has taken place, and Japanese Marines were landed at Mokpo to suppress it. The Russian reply to the Japanese proposals has been received at Tokyo, but nothing is known of its import.

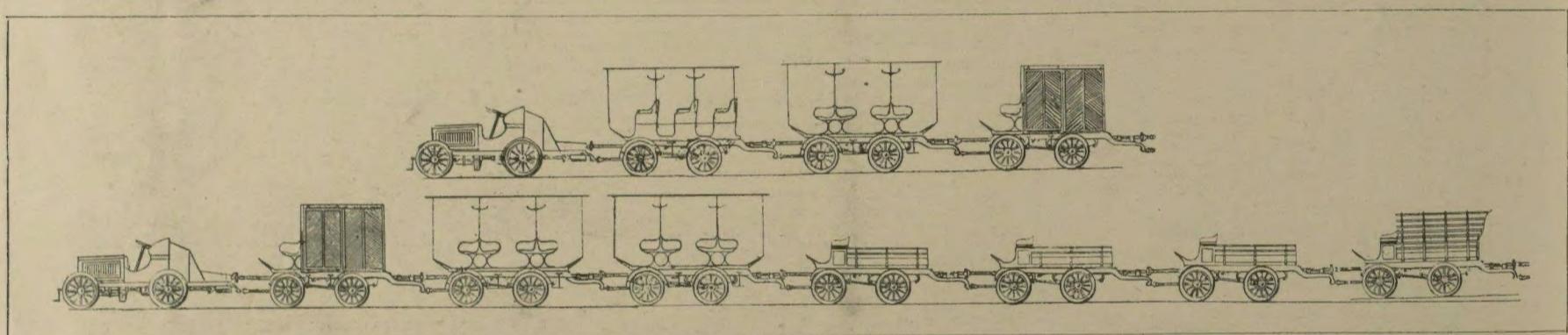
FOREIGN DECORATIONS.

An amusing letter in the *Times* from Captain Arthur Clarke, C.M.G., R.N., gives the instruction of the Admiralty to British naval officers who may happen to be decorated by a foreign Sovereign or Chief Magistrate. Captain Clarke received the Legion of Honour from the President of the French Republic at Algiers last April. He was thereupon informed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that he could wear this decoration only "in the presence of his Majesty or members of the Royal Family," and "in the presence of the Head of the State by whom the decoration was given." This restricted considerably the opportunities of Captain Clarke for the display of his trophy. He was not likely to see M. Loubet again, and it was quite possible that he would never find himself in the presence of the King or any member of the Royal Family. There was every prospect, therefore, of his Legion of Honour being consigned to some receptacle for family heirlooms. But there was one authority the Lords Commissioners had not taken into consideration. This was the King himself. His Majesty snubbed the Admiralty by commanding the Legion of Honour to be worn "on all occasions." It is probable that Captain Clarke wears it at his club, and should he meet a Lord Commissioner there, that official is doubtless convinced that the service is going to the dogs. Red tape would dearly love to strangle the *entente cordiale*, but the King will not let it.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

After all, there is something in training and tradition, as appears at the Adelphi Theatre,

where the old Savoy company may be seen in a characteristic musical comedy. Easy diction, precision in acting, sureness of vocalisation, these virtues of the D'Oyley Carte school produce a telling effect in the more hazardous entertainment to which Mr. Passmore and his comrades are now devoting themselves. Not that they are not well served by their coadjutors. The mounting of "The Earl and the Girl's" fancy-dress ball compares



A RAILLESS MOTOR-TRAIN AT THE PARIS AUTOMOBILE SHOW: COLONEL RENARD'S SYSTEM.

Upper Diagram: Renard's locomotive with two cars and a van (speed, about twenty-two miles an hour). Lower Diagram: Renard's locomotive drawing a mixed train (weight, about ten tons; speed, just over twelve miles an hour). Note the jointed shaft from the locomotive driving two wheels in each vehicle.

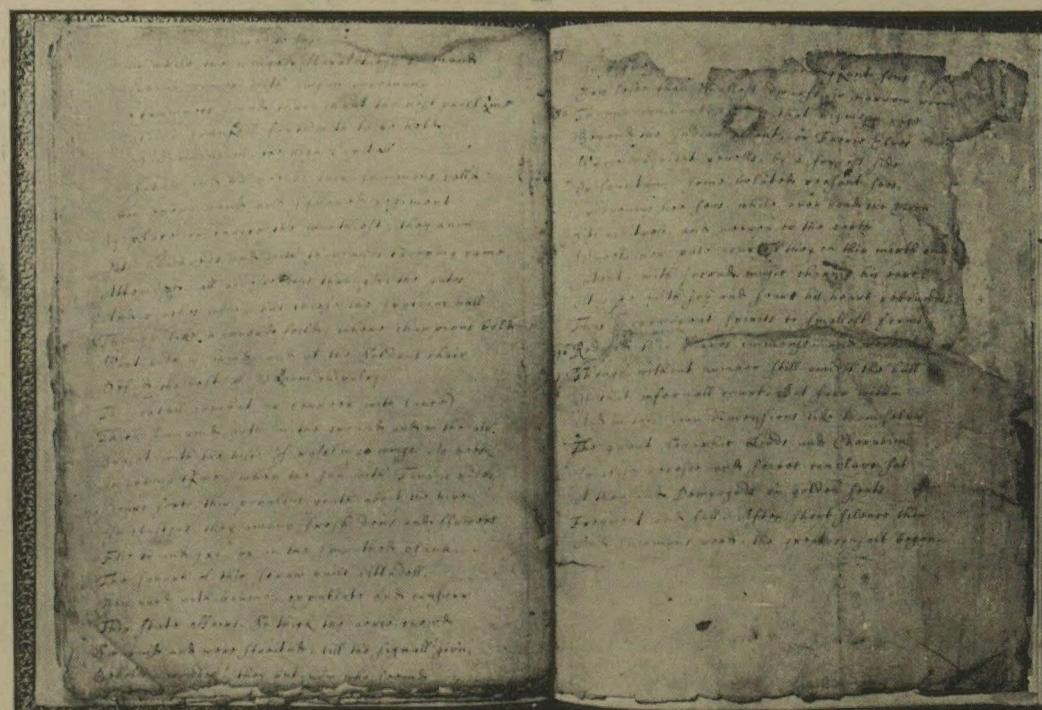
writer of the manuscript will probably never be determined, but that does not alter its value as a literary curiosity.

PANAMA.

President Roosevelt's account of the Panama revolution in his Message to Congress seems to have stirred up a good deal of controversy in the United States. The Administration is accused of having connived at the revolt. Mr. Roosevelt does not hide his satisfaction. A Panama Republic is more convenient for American policy than the control of the Isthmus by Colombia. The new set of officials will be more amenable than the old when it comes to the making of the Canal. Naturally, Colombia is not satisfied, and talks of sending 100,000 men to reconquer the territory. These imposing forces are mobilised for the present on paper, and the threatened expedition does not ruffle the equanimity of Washington. But in view of the Presidential election, Mr. Roosevelt is attacked by politicians who maintain that the national credit has been sacrificed for the sake of an unworthy gain. This need not be taken literally; but we wonder what would have been said in America if England had been Colombia's neighbour, and had profited by a successful insurrection? Would there have been allusions to the insatiable maw of the British Lion, and his long career of piracy and perfidy?

from precedent (for the Address to the Throne is usually a formal expression of thanks to his Majesty for opening the Diet) was considered to necessitate only one consequence—dissolution, which came about in due course on Dec. 11. Viscount Hayashi has spoken optimistically of the chances of avoiding war, and the dissolution has, it is said, created no public disquiet in Tokyo. The Government remains in office, and their negotiations are said to be following their original plan.

favourably with the best of recent stage spectacles. The composer, Mr. Ivan Caryll, has rarely written brighter tunes than herein, or more spirited choruses. And Mr. Seymour Hicks has known Gaiety musical comedy too long not to have been able to appropriate its most popular and amusing features. The church scene in the inevitable pantomimic duet between Mr. Lytton and Miss Agnes Fraser might well be spared, as also a gratuitous political allusion; otherwise the Adelphi piece starts its career under the happiest auspices.



A MANUSCRIPT OF "PARADISE LOST," BOOK I., FOR SALE.

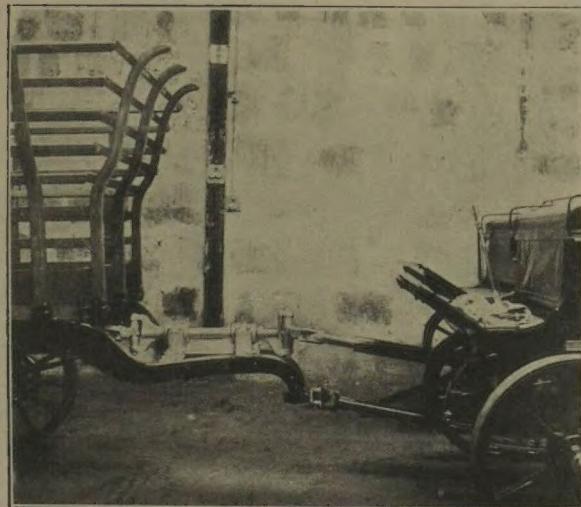
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON, AND HODGE.

The last two pages of the MS., which is by an unknown scribe, are here shown.

THE FAR EAST. The Japanese Diet on Dec. 10 was rendered momentous by a speech from the Emperor,

We ex-
TWO NEW JOURNALS. tend a hearty
welcome to the *Bystander*, the
new weekly journal just issued
by the proprietors of the *Graphic*.
The paper comes in a very
dainty and attractive guise, and
contains a great deal of capital
illustration and entertaining letter-
press. The format is novel, for in
size the new comer approximates
to the magazine, while at the
same time it retains many of the
characteristics of the lighter news-
paper. We have to chronicle also
the forthcoming appearance of a
new daily journal which carries
its description with it, for its title
is simply to be *The Daily Paper*.
Its advent will be of peculiar
interest to the Press, for it will
mark the return to daily journal-
ism of Mr. W. T. Stead, who
has for fourteen years made his
opinions known through the
medium of a weekly paper. The
great publicist, who has never
seen an English play, is to
take a hint Sir Henry Irving
gave him long ago, and will
visit the theatres as his own
dramatic critic.

THE GREAT FEATURE OF THE PARIS AUTOMOBILE SHOW: COLONEL RENARD'S MOTOR-TRAIN.



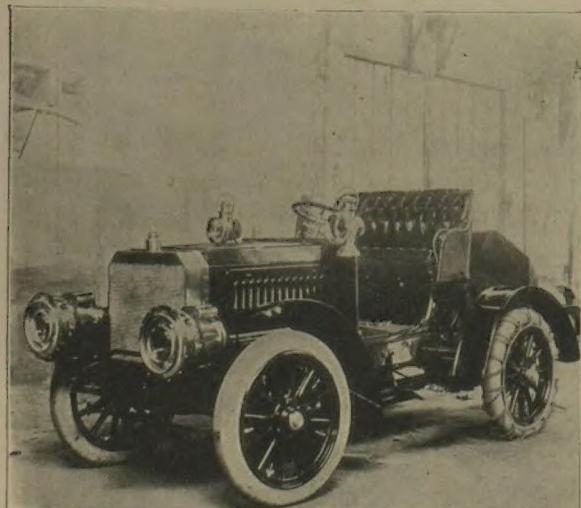
RENAUD'S MOTOR-TRAIN: THE METHOD OF COUPLING THE CARS.

AT the Paris Automobile Show, which was opened on Dec. 10 by President Loubet, probably the most interesting exhibit is Colonel Renard's motor-train, which is designed to run on ordinary roads, and which, by a wonderful method of coupling, can turn corners without the aid of rails. A jointed revolving shaft passing along the train transmits the power of the locomotive to all the vehicles, and turns two wheels in each of the successive cars.



THE EXHIBITION: THE SCENE IN THE GRAND PALAIS IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.

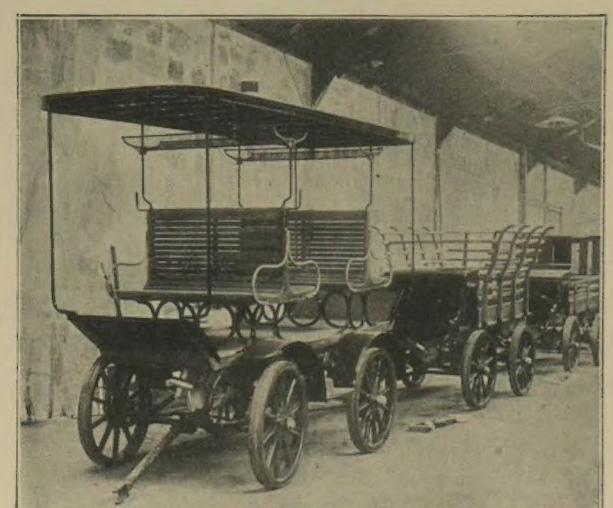


RENAUD'S MOTOR-TRAIN: THE 50-HORSE POWER KEROSENE LOCOMOTIVE.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION.
Photograph by Bolak.

THE coupling is extremely simple, so that the picking up and setting down of cars presents no difficulty, and these trains may, in great measure, solve the problem of the conveyance to town of market produce. More remarkable even than the power transmission and the coupling is the device for steering the train round corners; for by a mathematical contrivance under the hand of the engineer, each vehicle can describe exactly the same arc as the locomotive.



RENAUD'S MOTOR-TRAIN: GOODS AND PASSENGER CARS.



THE NORWEGIAN NATIONAL RECOGNITION OF THE WORLD'S SCIENTIFIC AND HUMANITARIAN PROGRESS: RECIPIENTS OF THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE AND THE NOBEL PRIZES.



THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FATHER OF ENGLISH ELECTRICAL SCIENCE: A MEMORIAL PICTURE—GILBERT OF COLCHESTER DEMONSTRATING ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF THE INSTITUTION OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

On December 10 the tercentenary of Gilbert of Colchester, the first of English electricians and author of "De Magnete," was celebrated by the Institution of Electrical Engineers. The society marked the event by presenting to the Corporation of Colchester the picture reproduced above.

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK.

A REPORTED TALE.

ILLUSTRATED BY

By "Q."

[GORDON BROWNE.]

PART II.

My grandfather went off to unlock the tool-shed, and the Parson back to comfort Mrs. Polwhele—which was no easy matter. “There’s something wrong with the parish since I’ve been away, and that you can’t deny,” she declared. “It don’t feel like home any longer, and my poor flesh is shivering like a jelly, and my hand almost too hot to make the butter.” She kept up this lidden all through breakfast, and the meal was no sooner cleared away than she slipped on a shawl and stepped across to the churchyard to discuss the robbery.

The Parson drew a chair to the window, lit his pipe, and pulled out his pocket-Bible to choose a text for his next day’s sermon. But he couldn’t fix his thoughts. Try how he would, they kept harking back to his travels in the post-chaise, and his wife’s story, and those unaccountable flags and splashes of whitewash. His pipe went out, and he was getting up to find a light for it, when just at that moment the garden-gate rattled; and, looking down the path towards the sound, his eyes fell on a square-cut, fierce-looking man in blue standing there, with a dirty bag in one hand and a sheaf of tools over his right shoulder.

The man caught sight of the Parson at the window, and set down his tools inside the gate—shovel and pick and biddicks.

“Good-mornin’, I may come inside, I suppose?” says he, in a gruff tone of voice. He came up the path and the Parson unlatched the window, which was one of the long sort reaching down to the ground.

“My name’s Bligh,” said the visitor, gruff as before. “You’re the Parson, eh? Bit of an antiquarian, I’m given to understand? These things ought to be in your line, then, and I hope they are not broken: I carried them as careful as I could.” He opened the bag and emptied it out upon the table—an old earthenware pot, a rusted iron ring, four or five burnt bones, and a handful or so of ashes. “Human, you see,” said he, picking up one of the bones and holding it under the Parson’s nose. “One of your ancient Romans, no doubt.”

“Ancient Romans? Ancient Romans?” stammered Parson Polwhele. “Pray, Sir, where did you get these—these articles?”

“By digging for them, Sir; in a mound just outside that old Roman camp of yours.”

“Roman camp? There’s no Roman camp within thirty miles of us as the crow flies: and I doubt if there’s one within fifty!”

“Shows how much you know about it. That’s what I complain about in you parsons: never glimpse a thing that’s under your noses. Now, I come along, making no pretence to be an antiquarian, and the first thing I see out on your headland yonder, is a Roman camp, with a great mound beside it—”

“No such thing, Sir!” the Parson couldn’t help interrupting.

Bligh stared at him for a moment, like a man hurt

in his feelings but keeping hold on his Christian compassion. “Look here,” he said; “you mayn’t know it, but I’m a bad man to contradict. This here Roman camp, as I was sayin’—”

“If you mean Little Dinnis Camp, Sir, ‘tis as round as my hat.”

“Damme, if you interrupt again—”

“But I will. Here, in my own parlour, I tell you that Little Dinnis is as round as my hat!”

“All right; don’t lose your temper, shouting out what I never denied. Round or square, it don’t matter a ha’porth to me. This here round Roman camp—”

“But I tell you, once more, there’s no such thing!” cried the Parson, stamping his foot. “The Romans never made a round camp in their lives. Little Dinnis

is British; the encampment’s British; the mound, as you call it, is a British barrow; and as for you—”

“As for me,” thunders Bligh, “I’m British too, and don’t you forget it. Confound you, Sir! What do I care for your pettifogging bones? I’m a British sailor, Sir; I come to your God-forsaken parish on a Government job, and I happen on a whole shopful of ancient remains. In pure kindness—pure kindness, mark you—I interrupt my work to dig ‘em up; and this is all the thanks I get!”

“Thanks!” fairly yelled the Parson. “You ought to be horsewhipped, rather, disturbing an ancient tomb that’s been the apple of my eye ever since I was inducted to this parish!” Then, as Bligh drew back, staring: “My poor barrow!” he went on; “my poor, ransacked barrow! But there may be something to save yet—” and he fairly ran for the door, leaving Bligh at a standstill.

For awhile the man stood there like a fellow in a trance, opening and shutting his mouth, with his eyes set on the doorway where the Parson had disappeared. Then, his temper overmastering him, with a sweep of his arm he sent the whole bag of tricks flying on to the floor, kicked them to right and left through the garden, slammed the gate, pitched across the road, and flung through the churchyard towards the river like a whirlwind.

Now, while this was happening, Mrs. Polwhele had picked her way across the churchyard, and after chatting a bit with my grandfather over the theft of his tools, had stepped into the church to see that the place, and specially the table and communion-rails and the parsonage pew, was neat and dusted, this being her regular custom after a trip to Plymouth. And no sooner was she within the porch than who should come, dandering along the road but Arch’laus Spry. The road, as you know, goes downhill after passing the parsonage gate, and holds on round the churchyard wall like a sunk way, the soil inside being piled up to the wall’s coping. But my grandfather being still behindhand with his job, his head and shoulders showed over the grave’s edge. So Arch’laus Spry caught sight of him.

“Why, you’re the very man I was looking for,” says Arch’laus, stopping.

“Death halts for no man,” answers my grandfather, shovelling away.

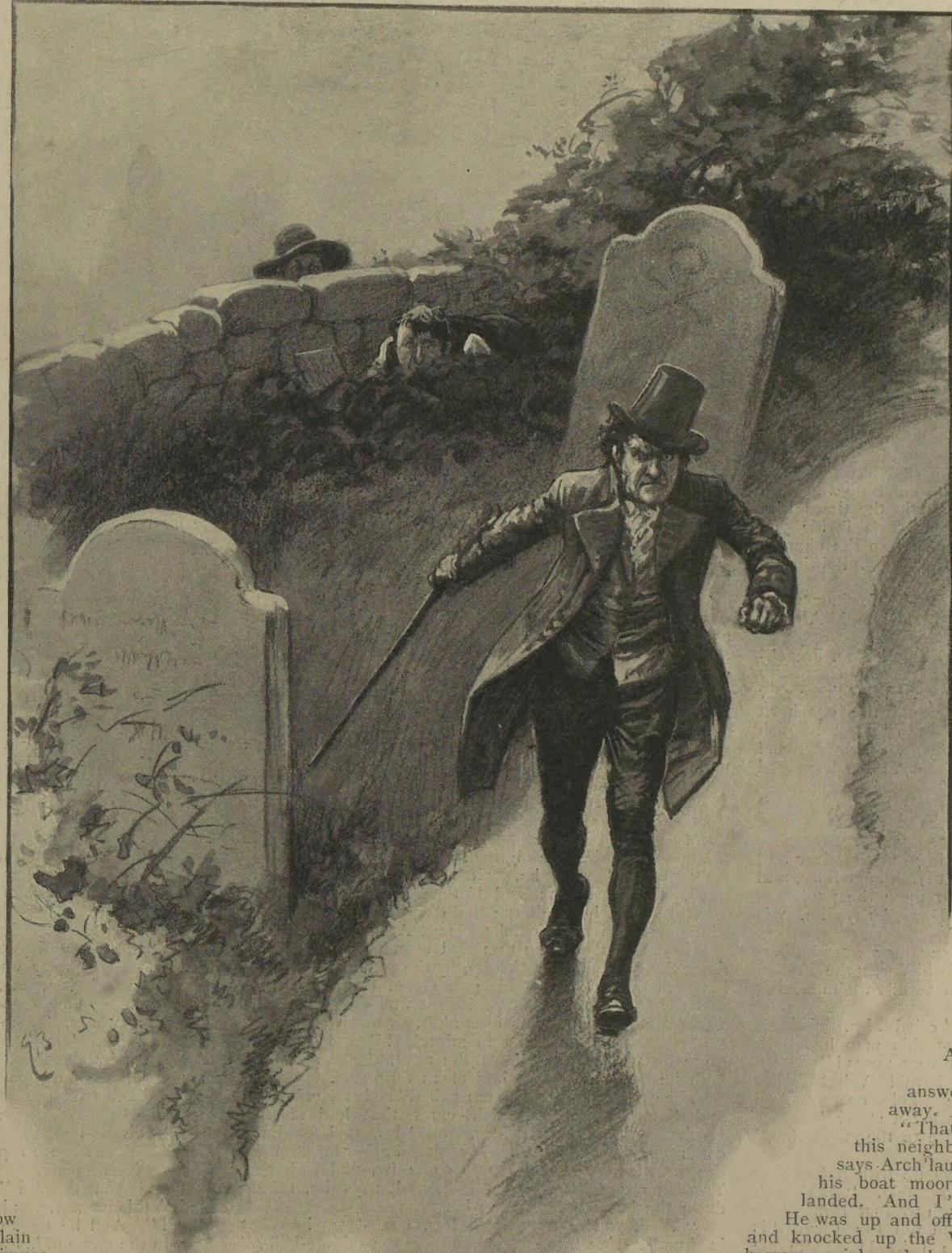
“That furrin’ fellow is somewhere in this neighbourhood at this very moment,” says Arch’laus, wagging his head. “I saw his boat moored down by the Passage as I landed. And I’ve a-got something to report. He was up and off by three o’clock this morning, and knocked up the Widow Polkinghorne, trying to borrow a pick and shovel.”

“Pick and shovel!” My grandfather stopped working and slapped his thigh. “Then he’s the man that’ve walked off with mine; and a biddicks too.”

“He said nothing of a biddicks, but he’s quite capable of it.”

“Surely in the midst of life we are in death,” said my grandfather. “I was al’ays inclined to believe that text, and now I’m sure of it. Let’s go and see the Parson.”

“The wicked flee, whom no man pursueth.”



He tossed his shovel on to the loose earth above the grave and was just about to scramble out after it when the churchyard gate shook on its hinges and across the path and by the church porch went Bligh, as I've said, like a whirlwind. Arch'laus Spry, that had pulled his chin up level with the coping, ducked at the sight of him, and even my grandfather clucked down a little in the grave as he passed.

"The very man!" said Spry, under his breath.

"The wicked flee, whom no man pursueth," said my grandfather, looking after the man; but Bligh turned his head neither to the right hand nor to the left.

"Oh—oh—oh!" squealed a voice inside the church.

"Whatever was that?" cries Arch'laus Spry, giving a jump. They both stared at the porch.

"Oh—oh—oh!" squealed the voice again.

"It certainly comes from inside," said Arch'laus Spry.

"It's Mrs. Polwhele!" said my grandfather; "and by the noise of it she's having hysterics."

And with that he scrambled up and ran; and Spry heaved himself over the wall and followed. And there, in the south aisle, they found Mrs. Polwhele lying back in a pew and kicking like a stallion in a loose-box.

My grandfather took her by the shoulders, while Spry ran for the jug of holy water that stood by the font. As it happened, 'twas empty: but the sight of it fetched her to, and she raised herself up with a shiver.

"The Frenchman!" she cries out, pointing. "The Frenchman—on the coach! O Lord, deliver us!"

For a moment, as you'll guess, my grandfather was puzzled: but he stared where the poor lady pointed, and after a bit he began to understand. I daresay you've seen our church, Sir, and if so, you must have taken note of a monstrous fine fig-tree growing out of the south wall—"the marvel of Manaccan," we used to call it. When they restored the church the other day nobody had the heart to destroy the tree, for all the damage it did to the building—having come there the Lord knows how, and grown there since the Lord knows when. So they took and patched up the wall around it, and there it thrives. But in the times I'm telling of, it had split the wall so that from inside you could look straight through the crack into the churchyard; and 'twas to this crack that Mrs. Polwhele's finger pointed.

"Eh?" said my grandfather. "The furriner* that went by just now, was it he that frightened ye, Ma'am?"

Mrs. Polwhele nodded.

"But what put it into your head that he's a Frenchman?"

"Because French is his language. With these very ears I heard him talk it! He joined the coach at Torpoint, and when I spoke him fair in honest English not a word could he answer me. Oh, Calvin, Calvin! what have I done—a poor weak woman—to be mixed up in these plots and invasions?"

But my grandfather couldn't stop to answer that question, for a terrible light was breaking in upon him. "A Frenchman?" he called out. "And for these twenty-four hours he's been marking out the river and taking soundings!" He glared at Arch'laus Spry, and Arch'laus dropped the brazen ewer upon the pavement and smote his forehead. "The Devil," says he, "is among us, having great wrath!"

"And for aught we know," says my grandfather, speaking in a slow and fearsome whisper, "the French ships may be hanging off the coast while we're talking here?"

"You don't mean to tell us," cried Mrs. Polwhele, sitting up stiff in the pew, "that this man has been mapping out the river under your very noses!"

"He has, Ma'am. Oh, I see it all! What likelier place could they choose on the whole coast? And from here to Falmouth what is it but a step?"

"Let them that be in Judaea flee to the mountains," said Arch'laus Spry solemn-like.

"And me just home from Plymouth with a fine new roasting-jack!" chimed in Mrs. Polwhele. "As though the day of wrath weren't bad enough without *that* waste o' money! Run, Calvin—run and tell the Vicar this instant—no, no, don't leave me behind! Take me home, that's a good man: else I shall faint at my own shadow!"

Well, they hurried off to the Vicarage: but, of course, there was no Parson to be found, for by this time he was half-way towards Little Dinnis, and running like a madman under the hot sun to see what damage had befallen his dearly loved camp. The servants

hadn't seen him leave the house; ne'er a word could they tell of him except that Martha, the cook, when she cleared away the breakfast things, had left him seated in his chair and smoking.

"But what's the meaning of this?" cried out Mrs. Polwhele, pointing to the tablecloth that Bligh had pulled all awry in his temper. "And the window open too!"

"And—hulloa!" says my grandfather, staring across the patch of turf outside. "Surely here's signs of a

temporary! The grave's not digged, and the Parson's kidnapped, and the French be upon us, and somewhere down by the river ther's a furrin spy taking soundings at this moment! In the name of King George," said he, remembering that he was constable, "I command you all except the females to come along and collar 'em!"

While this was going on, Sir, Bligh had found his boat—which he'd left by the shore—and was pulling up the river to work off his rage. Ne'er a thought had he, as he flounced through the churchyard, of the train of powder he dribbled behind him: but all the way he blew off steam, cursing Parson Polwhele and the whole cloth from Land's End to Johnny Groat, and glowering at the very gates by the road as though he wanted to kick 'em to relieve his feelings. And when he reached his boat and began rowing, by little and little the exercise tamed him. With his flags and whitewash he'd marked out most of the lines he wanted for soundings: but there were two creeks he hadn't yet found time to explore—Porthnavas, on the opposite side, and the very creek by which we're sitting. So, as he came abreast of this one, he determined to have a look at it; and after rowing a hundred yards or so, lay on his oars, lit his pipe, and let his boat drift up with the tide.

The creek was just the same lonesome place that it is to-day, the only difference being that the pallace (fish-store) at the entrance had a roof on it then, and was rented by Sam Trehella—the same that followed old Hockaday's coffin, as I've told you. But above the pallace the woods grew close to the water's edge, and lined both shores with never a clearing till you reached the end, where the cottage stands now and the stream comes down beside it: in those days there wasn't any cottage, only a piece of swampy ground. I don't know that

Bligh saw much in the scenery, but it may have helped to soothe his mind: for by-and-by he settled himself on the bottom-boards, lit another pipe, pulled his hat over his nose, and lay there blinking at the sky, while the boat drifted up, hitching sometimes in a bough and sometimes floating broadside-on to the current, until she reached this bit of marsh and took the mud very gently.

After a while, finding she didn't move, Bligh lifted his head for a look about him and found that he'd come to the end of the creek. He put out a hand and felt the water, that was almost luke-warm with running over the mud. The trees shut him in; not a living soul was in sight; and by the quietness he might have been a hundred miles from anywhere. So what does my gentleman do but strip himself for a comfortable bathe.

He folded his clothes very neatly in the stern-sheets, waded out across the shallows as naked as a babe, and took to the water with so much delight that after a minute or so he must needs lie on his back and kick. He splashed away, one leg after the other, with his face turned towards the shore, and was just on the point of rolling over for another swim, when, as he lifted a leg for one last kick, his eyes fell on the boat. And there on the top of his clothes, in the stern of her, sat my grandfather sucking a pipe.

Bligh let down his legs and stood up, touching bottom, but neck-deep in water.

"Hi, you there!" he sings out.

"Wee, wee, parleyou!" my grandfather answers, making use of pretty well all the French he knew.

"Confound you, Sir, for an impudent dirty dog! What in the name of Jiminy"—I can't give you, Sir, the exact words, for my grandfather could never be got to repeat 'em—"What in the name of Jiminy d'ee mean by sitting on my clothes!"

"Wee, wee," my grandfather took him up, calm as you please. "You shocked me dreadful yesterday with your blasphemous talk: but now, seeing 'tis French, I don't mind so much. Take your time: but when you come out you go to prison. Wee, wee—preeson," says my grandfather.

"Are you drunk?" yells Bligh. "Get off my clothes this instant, you hobnailed son of a something-or-other!" And he began striding for shore.

"In the name of his Majesty King George the Third I charge you to come along quiet," says my grandfather, picking up a stretcher.

Bligh, being naked and unarmed, casts a look round for some way to help himself. He was a plucky fellow enough in a fight, as I've said: but I leave you to guess what he felt like when to right and left of him the bushes parted, and forth stepped half-a-dozen men in black suits with black silk weepers a foot and a half wide tied in great bunches round their hats. These



"Human, by the look of it."

violent struggle. Human, by the look of it," says he, picking up a thigh-bone and holding it out towards Mrs. Polwhele.

She began to shake like a leaf. "Oh, Calvin!" she gasps out. "Oh, Calvin, not in this short time—it couldn't be!"

"Charred, too," says my grandfather, inspecting it: and with that they turned at a cry from Martha the cook, that was down on hands and knees upon the carpet.

"Ashes! See here, mistress—ashes all over your best carpet!"

The two women stared at the fireplace: but, of course, that told them nothing, being empty, as usual at the time of year, with only a few shavings stuck about it by way of ornament. Martha, the first to pick up her wits, dashed out into the front hall.

"Gone without his hat, too!" she fairly screamed, running her eye along the row of pegs.

Mrs. Polwhele clasped her hands. "In the midst of life we are in death," said Arch'laus Spry: "that's my opinion if you ask it."

"Gone! Gone without his hat, like the snuff of a candle!" Mrs. Polwhele dropped into a chair and rocked herself and moaned.

My grandfather banged his fist on the table. He never could abide the sight of a woman in trouble.

"Missus," says he, "if the Parson's anywhere alive, we'll find 'en: and if that Frenchman be Old Nick himself, he shall rue the day he ever set foot in Manaccan parish! Come'st along, Arch'laus—"

He took Spry by the arm and marched him out and down the garden path. There, by the gate, what should his eyes light upon but his own stolen tools! But by this time all power of astonishment was dried up within him. He just raised his eyes aloft, as much as to say, "Let the sky open and rain miracles!" and then and there he saw, coming down the road, the funeral that both he and the Parson had clean forgotten.

The corpse was an old man called 'Pollas Hockaday; and Sam Trehella, a fish-curer that had married Hockaday's eldest daughter, walked next behind the coffin as chief mourner. My grandfather waited by the gate for the procession to come by, and with that Trehella caught sight of him, and says he, taking down the handkerchief from his nose—

"Well, you're a pretty fellow, I must say! What in thunder d'ee mean by not tolling the minute-bell?"

"Take 'en back," answers my grandfather, pointing to the coffin. "Take 'en back, 'co!"

"Eh?" says Trehella. "Answer my question, I tell 'ee. You've hurt my feelings and the feelings of everyone connected with the deceased: and if this weren't not-azactly the place for it, I'd up and give you a dashed good hiding," says he.

"Aw, take 'en back," my grandfather goes on. "Take 'en back, my dears, and put 'en somewhere

* In Cornwall a "foreigner" is anyone from east of the Tamar.

were Sam Trewella, of course, and the rest of the funeral-party, that had left the coffin in a nice shady spot inside the Vicarage garden-gate, and come along to assist the law. They had brought along pretty nearly all the menkind of the parish beside: but these, being in their work-a-day clothes, didn't appear, and for a reason you'll learn by-and-by. All that Bligh saw was this dismal company of mourners backed by a rabble of school-children, the little ones lining the shore and staring at him fearlessly with their fingers in their mouths.

For the moment Bligh must have thought himself dreaming. But there they stood, the men in black and the crowd of children, and my grandfather with the stretcher ready, and the green woods so quiet all round. And there he stood up to the ribs in water, and the tide and his temper rising.

"Look here, you something-or-other yokels," he called out, "if this is one of your village jokes, I promise you shall smart for it. Leave the spot this moment, fetch that idiot out of the boat, and take away the children. I want to dress, and it isn't decent!"

"Mounseer," answers my grandfather, "I daresay you've a-done it for your country; but we've a-caught ou, and now you must go to prison—go to, preeson," he says, lisping it in a Frenchified way so as to make himself understood.

Bligh began to foam. "The longer you keep up this farce, my fine fellows, the worse you'll smart for it! There's a magistrate in this parish, as I happen to know."

"There was," said my grandfather; "but we've strong reasons to believe he's been made away with."

"The only thing we could find of 'en," put in Archlaus Spry, "was a shin-bone and a pint of ashes. I don't know if the others noticed it, but to my notion here was a sniff of brimstone about the premises; and I've always been remarkable for my sense of smell."

"You won't deny," my grandfather went on, "that you've been making a map of this here river; for here it is in your tail-coat pocket."

"You insolent ruffian, put that down at once! I tell you that I'm a British officer and a gentleman!"

"And a Papist," went on my grandfather, holding up a ribbon with a bullet threaded to it. ("Twas the bullet Bligh used to weigh out allowances with on his voyage in the open boat after the mutineers had turned him adrift from the *Bounty*, and he wore it ever after.) "See here, friends: did you ever know an honest Protestant to wear such a thing about him inside his clothes?"

"Whether you're a joker or a numskull is more than I can fathom," says Bligh; "but for the last time I warn you I'm a British officer, and you'll go to jail for this as sure as eggs."

"The question is, Will you surrender and come along quiet?"

"No, I won't," says Bligh, sulky as a bear; "not if I stay here all night!"

With that my grandfather gave a wink to Sam Trewella, and Sam Trewella gave a whistle, and round the point came Trewella's sean-boat that the village lads had fetched out and launched from his store at the mouth of the creek. Four men pulled her with all their might; in the stern stood Trewella's foreman, Jim Bunt, with his two-hundred-fathom net: and along the shore came running the rest of the lads to see the fun.

"Heva, heva!" yelled Sam Trewella, waving his hat with the black streamers.

The sean-boat swooped up to Bligh with a rush, and then, just as he faced upon it with his fists up, to die fighting, it swerved off on a curve round him, and Jim Bunt began shooting the sean hand over hand like lightning. Then the poor man understood, and having no mind to be rolled up and afterwards tucked in a sean-net, he let out an oath, ducked his head, and broke for the shore like a bull. But 'twas no manner of use. As soon as he touched land a dozen jumped for him and pulled him down. They handled him as gentle as they could, for he fought with fists, legs, and teeth, and his language was awful: but my grandfather in his foresight had brought along a couple of wainropes, and within ten minutes they had my gentleman trussed, heaved him into the

boat, covered him over, and were rowing him off and down the creek to land him at Helford quay.

By this 'twas past noon; and at one o'clock, or a little before, Parson Polwhele come striding along home from Little Dinnis. He had tied a handkerchief about his head to keep off the sun; his hands and knees were coated with earth; and he sweated like a furze-bush in a mist, for the footpath led through cornfields and the heat was something terrible. Moreover, he had just called the funeral to mind; and this and the damage he'd left at Little Dinnis fairly hurried him into a fever.

But worse was in store. As he drew near the Parsonage, he spied a man running towards him; and behind the man the most dreadful noises were sounding from the house. The Parson came to a halt and swayed where he stood.

"Oh, Calvin! Calvin!" he cried—for the man running was my grandfather—"don't try to break it gently, but let me know the worst!"

"Oh, blessed day! Oh, fearful and yet blessed day!" cries my grandfather, almost catching him in both arms. "So you're not dead! So you're not dead, the Lord be praised, but only hurt!"

"Hurt?" says the Parson. "Not a bit of it—or only in my feelings. Oh, 'tis the handkerchief you're looking at? I put that up against sunstroke. But whatever do these dreadful sounds mean? Tell me the worst, Calvin, I implore you!"

"Oh, as for that," says my grandfather cheerfully, "the Frenchman's the worst by a long way—not but what your good lady made noise enough when she thought you'd been made away with; and afterwards, when she went upstairs and taking a glance out of window, spied a long black coffin laid out under the lilac bushes, I'm told you could hear her a mile away. But she've been weakening this half-hour: her nature couldn't keep it up: whereas the longer we keep that Frenchman, the louder he seems to bellow."

"Heaven defend us, Calvin!"—the Parson's eyes fairly rolled in his head—"are you gone clean crazed? Frenchman! What Frenchman?"

"The same that frightened Mrs. Polwhele, Sir, upon the coach. We caught him drawing maps of the river, and very nigh tucked him in Sam Trewella's sean: and now he's in your tool-shed right and tight, and here's the key, Sir, making so bold, that you gave me this morning. But I didn't like to take him into the house,

and how long they'd have clung to one another there's no knowing, if it hadn't been for the language pouring from the tool-shed.

"My dear," said the Parson, holding himself up and listening, "I don't think that can possibly be a Frenchman. He's too fluent."

Mrs. Polwhele listened too, but after a while she was forced to cover her face with both hands. "Oh, Richard, I've always heard 'em described as gay, but—but they can't surely be so gay as all that!"

The Parson eased her into an armchair and went downstairs to the courtyard, and there, as you may suppose, he found the parish gathered.

"Stand back all of you," he ordered. "I've a notion that some mistake has been committed: but you had best hold yourselves ready in case the prisoner tries to escape."

"But, Parson dear, you're never going to unlock that door!" cried my grandfather.

"If you'll stand by me, Calvin," says the Parson, plucky as ginger, and up he steps to the very door, all the parish holding its breath.

He tapped once—no answer: twice—and no more answer than before. There was a small trap open in the roof and through this the language kept pouring with never a stop, only now and then a roar like a bull's. But at the third knock it died down to a sort of rumbling, and presently came a shout, "Who's there?"

"A clergyman and justice of the peace," answers the Parson.

"I'll have your skin for this!"

"But you'll excuse me—"

"I'll have your skin for this, and your blood in a bottle! I'm a British officer and a gentleman, and I'll have you stuffed and put in a glass case, so sure as my name's Bligh!"

"Bligh?" says the Parson, opening the door. "Any relation to the Blights of St. Tudy? Oh, no—it can't be!" he stammered, taken all aback to see the man stark naked on the threshold. "Why—why, you're the gentleman that called this morning!" he went on, the light breaking in upon him: "excuse me, I recognise you by—by the slight scar on your face."

Well, Sir, there was nothing for Bligh to do—the whole parish staring at him—but to slip back into the shed and put on the clothes my grandfather handed in at the door: and while he was dressing



"In the name of his Majesty King George the Third I charge you to come along quiet."

with your good lady tumbling out of one fit into another. Hark to 'en, now! Would you ever believe one man could make such a noise?"

"Fits! My poor, dear, tender Mary having fits!" The Parson broke away for the house and dashed upstairs three steps at a time: and when she caught sight of him Mrs. Polwhele let out a louder squeal than ever. But the next moment she was hanging round his neck, and laughing and sobbing by turns.

the whole truth came out. I won't say that he took the Parson's explanations in a nice spirit: for he vowed to have the law on everyone concerned. But that night he walked back to Falmouth and took the London coach. As for Helford River, 'twasn't charted that year nor for a score of years after. And now you know how this creek came by its name; and I'll say again, as I began, that a bad temper is an affliction, whosoever owns it.



COMIC OPERA AT THE HOME OF MELODRAMA: "THE EARL AND THE GIRL," PRODUCED DECEMBER 10 AT THE ADELPHI.
SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

A remarkable feature of the production is the fact that the cast contains many members of the old Savoy company.

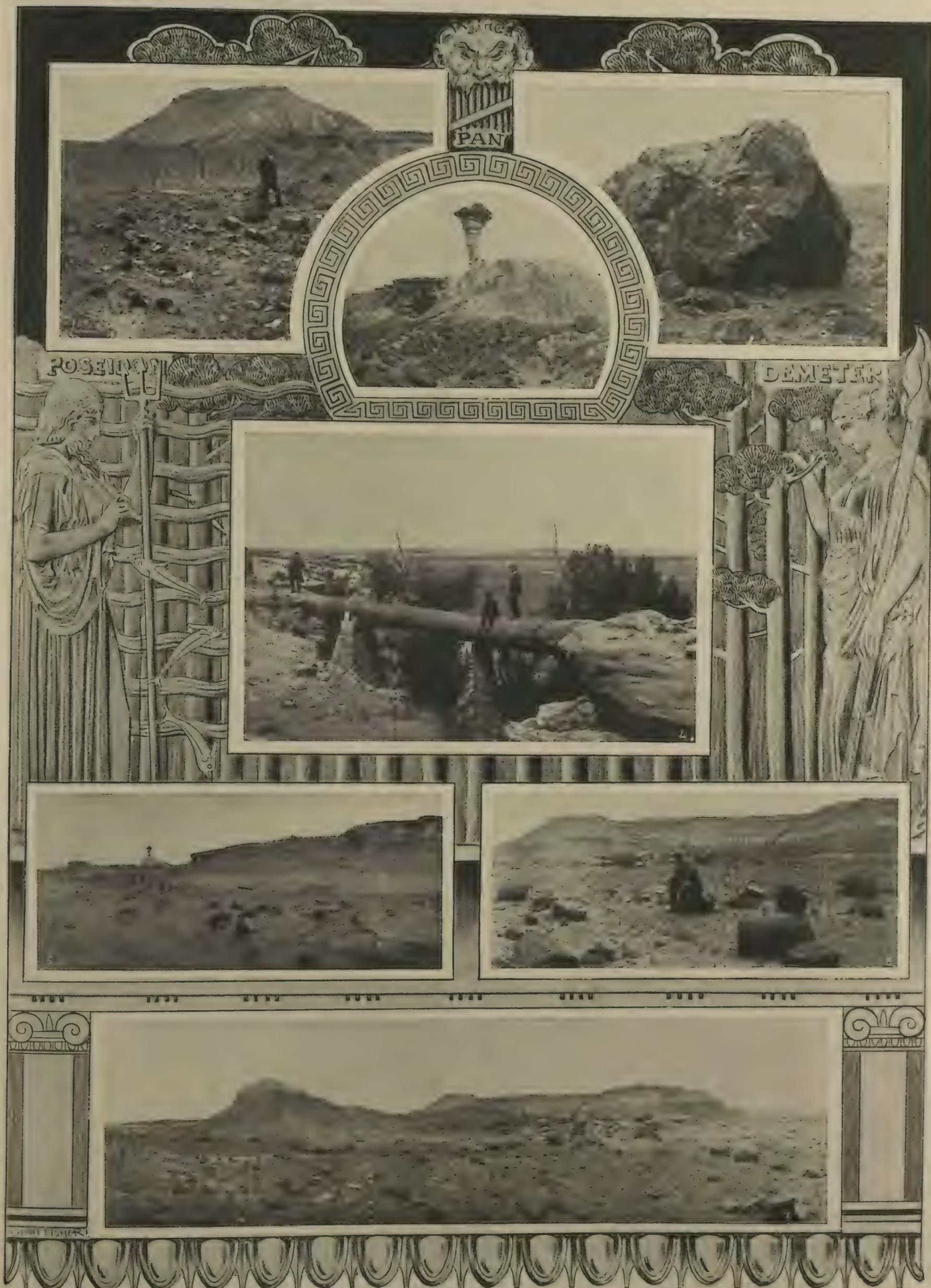
THE ARRIVAL OF THE CRADLE AT THE TOP OF THE LOCK.



A TIME-SAVING SEVENTY-TON LIFT ON CANAL LOCKS: THE ELEVATOR FOR BARGES AT FOXTON, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Two great cradles or tanks, moving on wheels up and down an inclined plane, receive the barges, and lift and lower them between the two water-levels as necessity arises. At the lower point the cradle is submerged, and the barge is then floated on and carried, still afloat, to the top of the inclined plane, where the cradle is again submerged to allow the barge to be floated off. The lowering is accomplished by an exact reversal of the process. The movement of the cradles is simplified by their being in counterpoise.

TIMBER TURNED TO JASPER AND AGATE: THE PETRIFIED FOREST OF ARIZONA.



1. SECTION IN WHICH THE SPECIMENS ARE MOST NUMEROUS.
2. THE LARGEST EXAMPLE OF PETRIFIED WOOD YET FOUND:
A BLOCK EIGHT FEET IN DIAMETER.

3. "THE LONELY SENTINEL": ISOLATED ROCK BEARING A HAWK'S NEST.
4. A NATURAL BRIDGE FORMED BY A PETRIFIED LOG 115 FEET LONG.
5. THE PECULIAR ROCK-FORMATION OF THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

6. THE PART OF THE FOREST WHERE THE LARGEST SPECIMENS ARE FOUND
7. TWO THOUSAND ACRES OF PETRIFIED TREES: A GENERAL VIEW
OF THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

Near Andamana, giant pines and redwoods, lying prone on what was once the bed of an ancient sea, are seen in a state of petrification.
The stone takes the most beautiful polish, and is used for ornaments.

SLEEPING IN "GRAVES": A NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.



PATIENTS IN THEIR "GRAVES."



PATIENTS SLEEPING OUT OF DOORS ON THE GRASS.

At a Sanatorium in New Jersey Dr. Charles Lauterwasser has achieved some remarkable results from his new nature cure of consumption. He buries his patients in shallow graves, covering them lightly with earth. There they remain from one to three hours. Some even sleep in the grave, but most of the patients spend the night in the open air, covered over with mosquito-nets. Before burial each patient was rubbed from head to foot with moist clay.

A DRASTIC CURE PRACTISED IN NORTHERN EUROPE: THE ICE BATH.

DRAWN BY C. JANKOWSKI.



AN ELDERLY PATIENT ENTERING HIS ICE BATH.

The strange scene here depicted is by no means an unusual one in Russia and other Northern countries. Medical men often prescribe to their patients some most trying treatments, such as the ice bath. A wealthy old nobleman, probably some ancient colonel or general—for military men are more likely to be submitted to such drastic treatment—has just alighted from his sleigh-carriage. He is surrounded by his attendants, who have broken the ice cover of a pond in order to prepare the old gentleman's bath. This icy dip will only last a few minutes, after which the bather, quickly wrapped up in his fur clothes, will hurry back into the carriage. When proper care is observed, these winter baths are by no means dangerous. Some people have taken them for over twenty years.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SOME YULE-TIDE THOUGHTS.

The advent of the short days and long nights, the passing of the leaf, and the dying down of vegetation, leaving the world around us destitute and bare, induce a mental mood occasionally which accords with the "sad season" of the year. It is undeniable that many of us are insensibly affected to a very marked extent by our environment and surroundings. Without being inordinately sensitive, we reflect the tone of the surroundings to a greater or less extent. The dull dark days make us sober and sombre-minded, just as the bright sunshine invests us with an optimistic tone. The mind's moods and tenses derive their passing keynote very largely from the circumstances of life. They are happy souls among us who, independent of wind, weather, and most things else, contrive to live happily through all the varying phases of nature, and manage to evolve a perennial cheerfulness that acts as a mental tonic on other people.

Still, it is not always December. There are Mays to come, and the cheery optimism of youth should not be without its due effect on the older grumbler, who maintain that Christmas-tide is a sad season. They, too, have lived in Arcady, and they are not entitled to deny to those who now dwell therein their full share of the happiness which the end of the year is calculated to bring in its train. If Nature is sleeping around us, in the same way, beneath the soil, preparation is actively proceeding for the buds of spring and the blossoms of summer. As in the case of the sleeping man whose heart-beats are saved to the tune of one in eight or ten, and whose bodily work at large undergoes a diminution in its activity, so Nature herself, in her wider aspects, simply banks her fires in winter, and reduces the speed of the vital machinery.

Beyond these facts lies another, over which theologian and scientist alike concern themselves deeply. Things die and pass away, and seemingly there is a process of wholesale extinction to be reckoned with in the world of life. Does vitality "cease to be" when death makes its advent season? A question, this, which has engaged the attention of the wisest and best since men began to think at all over questions of their own where, whence, and whither; and a topic, this, which, from the pulpit as from the platform, figures prominently among the thoughts of Yule. Science has much that is comforting, I think, to teach us regarding these questions. It may not penetrate the deeper mysteries of things, nor pass behind the veil which hides the essence of vitality and the solution of its continuation after life has shuffled off its mortal coil. But at least it leads us with a sufficiently hopeful hand-grasp on the way of realising that the hopes of humanity in this direction are not necessarily to be regarded as futile, the pessimists of our race notwithstanding.

There is, for example, the doctrine of the conservation of energy, and from this leading conception of science we may glean much that is both comforting and interesting as well. Briefly stated, the doctrine teaches us that nothing in the way of force (or matter) is ever annihilated. Nothing ceases to be. As we cannot create matter, so we cannot destroy it. It is the same with energy or force. It persists eternally; it never ceases its play; it only changes its direction. The stone I throw into the silent pool makes its splash, and the widening circles produced by its impact through the water are the evidence of the play of force. But when the circles have died away, and the pool's surface becomes as placid as before, science will teach us that the energy has not been extinguished, but has passed away into the earth in the shape of never-ceasing vibrations, which, in their turn, may be modified into other forms or directions of force-production.

The bullet that strikes the target has its motion converted into an equivalent of heat, and these heat-waves radiate outwards into space to be similarly propagated onwards without ceasing. The light and heat of the sun, stored up and utilised by the plant, appear again in the shape of the vital energies of the living thing. If the animal consumes the plant for food, the original solar energy is transformed into the force which animates the consumer. Coal, with its stored-up energy likewise derived from the sun, which favoured the growth of the coal-forests, liberates that force to day in the engine; and if the engine drives a dynamo, the electric light we obtain represents in itself no new creation, but a mere transformation of one kind of energy into another. And when the electric rays pass out into space, who knows but what they may be reabsorbed by the earth or the ether, and so, as is likely, continue their immortality?

When life comes to an end, our bodily substance is no more annihilated than is the candle which burns to ashes, and which the chemist will reproduce for us to the grain-weight in the shape of water, carbonic acid gas, and other constituents. The bodily substance disappears from view only to enter into new combinations. Even the limy matter of our bones will feed the plants with their mineral diet. Hamlet's words—

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away!
Oh, that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!

concisely enough express the doctrine of the eternity of matter. If this is so in the material world, may our thoughts not extend and expand towards the belief that the forces of vitality may likewise represent an eternal inheritance? Analogy may be a deceitful guide, but, then, it may prove a clear-sighted leader. At the least, however, it is with no depressing thought that science, without having said its last word here, may lead us to believe that the passing away of life itself represents only a change of state, and not necessarily annihilation and extinction.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R. BEE (Cowpen).—You will see by the published solution of No. 3109 that the Black King does not escape, but has to submit to fate. Problems to hand, with thanks.

H. SALWAY (St. John's Wood).—Thanks for corrected diagram. We trust to find it sound.

J. D. PAUL (St. Clear).—Amendment to hand. It shall receive due attention.

G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.—Kindly send us another diagram of the position, as the previous one was unfortunately destroyed.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3099 and 3100 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3106 from J. H. H. (Goole); of No. 3107 from Marco Salem (Bologna) and C. Field Junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3108 from J. Holloman (Kampen, Holland), F. B. (Worthing), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. W. (Campsie), F. Henderson (Leeds), R. Worts (Canterbury), J. P. Mitchell (Streatham), Joseph Cook, B. O. Clark (Wolverhampton), Robert Bea (Cowpen), Doryman, R. Giles (Northampton), L. Desanges, and G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3110 received from T. Roberts, F. B. (Worthing), Reginald Gordon, Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), F. J. S. (Hampstead), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), F. Shaw (Liverpool), Hereward, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. W. (Campsie), F. Henderson (Leeds), R. Worts (Canterbury), J. P. Mitchell (Streatham), Joseph Cook, B. O. Clark (Wolverhampton), Robert Bea (Cowpen), Doryman, R. Giles (Northampton), L. Desanges, and G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

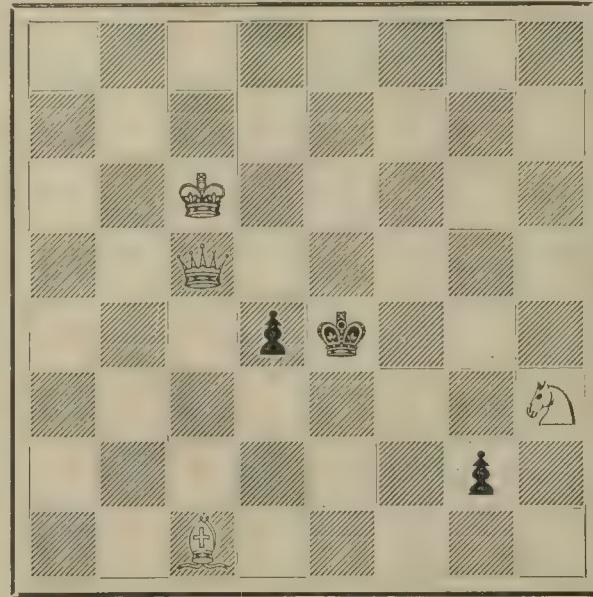
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3109.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R takes P	P to Q 4th
2. Q to K 4th (ch)	P takes Q
3. R to Q 6th, mate.	

If Black plays 1. Kt takes Kt, 2. Q to K 4th (ch); and if 1. P takes R, 2. Kt to B 5th; and Q or R mates next move.

PROBLEM NO. 3112.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Philadelphia between Messrs. PILLSBURY and HACKMAN. (*King's Gambit Declined*.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	would not have risked the open file for the opposing Rooks.	
2. P to K 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
4. B to K 5th	B to K 5th		
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd		
6. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B		
7. P takes P	P takes P		
8. Castles	B to B 4th (ch)		
9. K to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd		
10. P to Q 3rd	P to R 3rd		
11. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 4th		

This smart reply must have been over looked by White, otherwise he would scarcely have lost time over his preceding move.

12. Q to K sq Q to Q 3rd

13. P takes B P takes B

White probably thought he saw his way out after this capture, but in match play he!

White resigns.

SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

No. 1.—By JOHN CRUM.

White: K at K B 3rd, Q at Q B 7th, B at K R 3rd, Ps at K B 4th and K 4th.
Black: K at K B 3rd, P at K 3rd.

White mates in three moves.

No. 2.—By C. S. JACOBS (Montreal).

White: K at Q B 7th, Q at K 5th, Kts at K Kt 6th and K R 5th, B at Q R 2nd, P at K Kt 3rd.

Black: K at K Kt sq, Kts at K R 3rd and K B 4th, Ps at K 3rd, K Kt 2nd, and K Kt 5th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 3.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

White: K at K 2nd, Q at K Kt 8th, Kt at K Kt 5th, B at Q R 3rd, Ps at K 4th and Q B 5th.

Black: K at Q Kt 4th, Ps at K Kt 2nd, Q Kt 7th, Q R 4th and 5th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 4.—By D. T. BROCK.

White: K at K R 5th, Q at Q sq, Rs at K 4th and Q B 4th, Bs at K Kt 7th and K B sq, Kts at Q 3rd and Q B 8th, Ps at K B 2nd and K 6th.

Black: K at Q 4th, B at Q R 6th, Kt at K Kt 3rd, Ps at K B 5th and 6th, K 2nd, Q 7th, and Q Kt 4th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 5.—By C. H. WHEELER (Chicago).

White: K at K B 4th, Q at Q B sq, Kts at Q Kt 5th and Q R 6th, B at Q B 6th, P at K 3rd.

Black: K at Q B 5th, Kt at Q B 7th, B at Q R 5th, Ps at Q R 4th, Q Kt 3rd, and K B 6th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 6.—By J. HOSTAN.

White: K at K Kt 3rd, Q at K 8th, Rs at K 3rd and K R 6th, Kts at Q Kt 3rd and Q Kt 7th, B at Q R 3rd, Ps at Q 2nd, K 4th, K 6th, and K B 6th.

Black: K at K 4th, Q at Q R 5th, Bs at Q Kt sq and K B 6th, Ps at Q R 2nd and Q B 6th.

White mates in two moves.

Solutions will be acknowledged.

The Monte Carlo Tournament will be held in February next, when there will be a competition for the Challenge Cup, with £200 attached as prizes, and a Rice Gambit Tourney for which £125 is offered. Competitors will be selected by a Committee, to whom the making of all arrangements is entrusted.

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IN FAME'S BY-PATHS.

II.—A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BRITISH ADMIRAL.

Until about the middle of the seventeenth century the profession of naval officer can scarcely be said to have existed in England. The profession of seaman existed from very early times. It was a common thing for a youth to take to the sea, and to make the sea his career until the disabilities of age obliged him finally to retire from it. But the mere seaman seldom or never rose to high rank and great responsibilities. He might attain to a position corresponding with that of sailing-master; but there was little chance of his becoming anything more important. Generally of humble birth and exiguous means, without any claim either to the standing or to the manners of a gentleman, he had perforce to confine his naval ambitions in much the same way as the driver of a military chariot had to confine his martial ones in periods still more remote. It was his business merely to carry some person or persons of better blood to the scene of action, to place his passengers in close touch with the enemy, and then to manoeuvre his craft to the best of his ability, so as to enable his fighting principal to do as much damage as possible to the foe.

Strange to say, the system worked well; so well that it endured almost unmodified, save in comparatively few special cases, until the time of the Commonwealth. Blake, who has good claims to be regarded as among the very greatest of English admirals, went to sea for the first time when he was upwards of fifty, and won all his naval renown in the eight and a half years preceding his death. Previously he had been a soldier. Monk was a man of similar training and experience. Even after the profession of naval officer had become so much of a career as to permit of those who followed it attaining by regular promotion to the highest ranks, the navigators remained a class apart, ineligible in ordinary cases for advancement beyond the modest position of master. Only within the memory of most of us have steps been taken for the abolition of all distinction between the men who drive our sea-chariots and those who fight them. Lord Selborne's scheme for giving a common training to the executive officers, the engineer officers, and the marine officers of the fleet is but the beginning of the last and inevitable chapter of the very long story.

Thus, all our early admirals were soldiers. Of the numerous heroes who served England by sea in the fourteenth century—the age of Britain's first great triumphs afloat—the most conspicuous was probably Sir Walter Manny, Knight both of the Bath and of the Garter; but Manny, though he married a granddaughter of Edward I., and lived for the most part in England, besides being a Baron of Parliament, was an alien by birth. Nor can he be described as one in fame's by-paths, seeing that he is commemorated as the founder of the Charterhouse.

Scarcely less famous in his day than Manny, yet now completely forgotten, was Manny's comrade afloat and ashore, Sir Robert Morley, second Baron Morley, who, by birth and ancestry, was English.

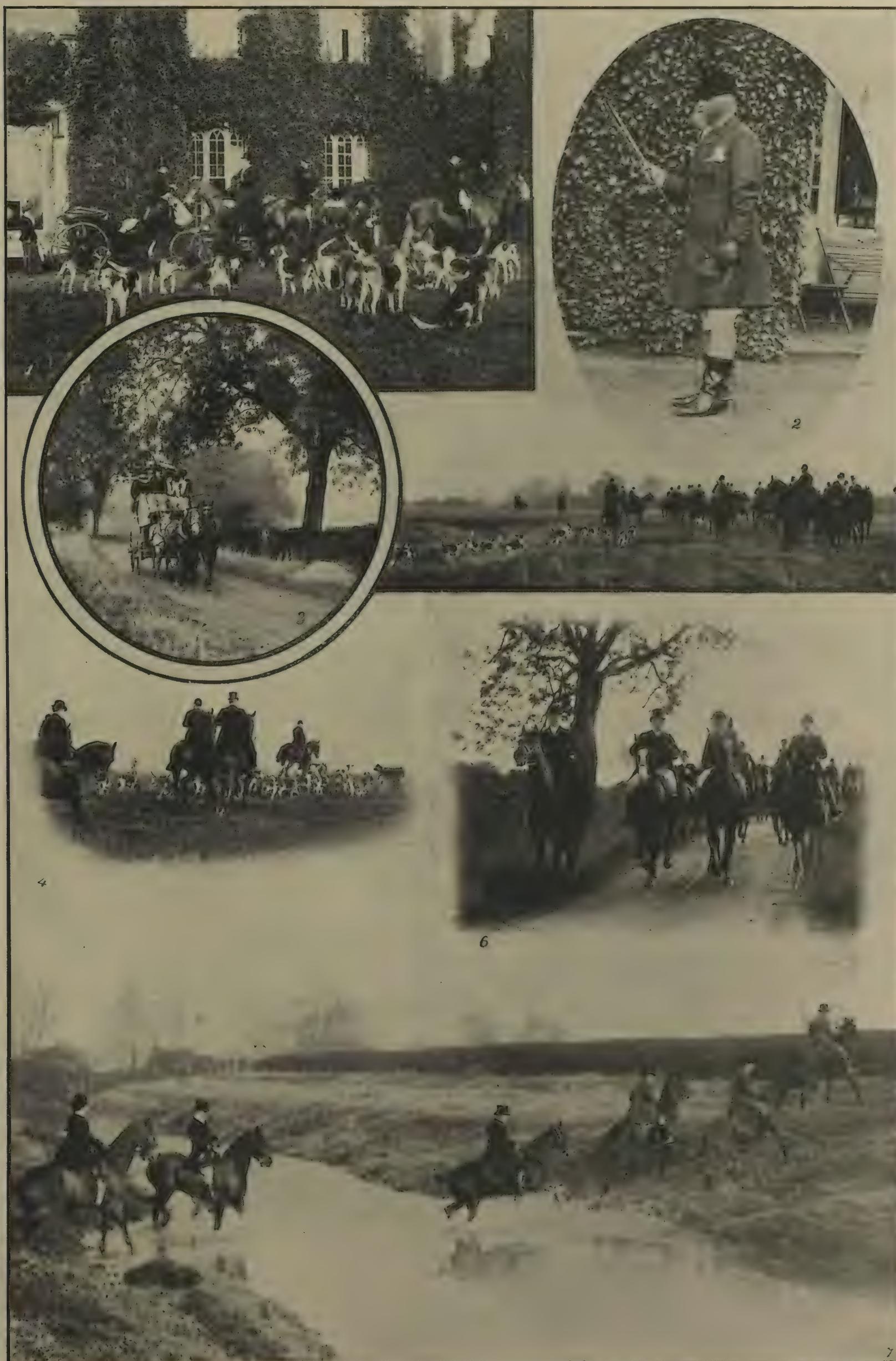
Morley was born very early in the fourteenth century, if not, indeed, before the opening of it. As a young man he served on shore against the Scots, and so gained the martial distinction which led to his being appointed Admiral of the Northern Fleet by Edward III. in 1339. There were then two, and sometimes three, small fleets nominally ready for service—the Northern, the Western, and the Southern, besides the semi-independent fleet belonging to the Cinque Ports; but it would appear that no great force was actually at sea, for, in the first half of that year, the French raided the south coast, attacking Southampton, Hastings, Dover, Folkestone, and even Plymouth. Morley, however, quickly began to turn the tables; and in July, catching a French fleet in the act of attacking Rye, part of his command chased it into Boulogne, and there, in mid-harbour, destroyed several of the enemy's vessels and hanged twelve of their captains. A little later Morley himself burnt five towns in Normandy and eighty French ships. In 1340 he was reappointed to his command.

At that time a huge French fleet had been assembled at Sluis, with the object of interrupting Edward the Third's communications between England and France. It was determined to crush it, and large naval forces were collected for the purpose. In the meantime, Edward, who had been on the Continent, and was anxious to return thither in order to prosecute the campaign on land, was warned that if he put to sea he might be prevented from landing, and perhaps cut off, by the armada at Sluis. The result was that he decided himself to lead the attack upon the French fleet, and not to attempt to land until after it had been dealt with. I need not tell the story of Sluis, the first really great naval victory of British arms. Under the King were Morley, Richard, Earl of Arundel, and William, Earl of Huntingdon, as admirals. On Saturday, June 24, 1340, Morley led in and began the action; and after a most desperate battle, which lasted through the following night, upwards of one hundred and sixty French ships were taken or destroyed, twenty-four only escaping. On the following Wednesday, King Edward wrote his account of the victory—the earliest and one of the most glorious English naval dispatches now extant in the original.

Morley subsequently saw much naval service, and in 1350 was one of the admirals concerned in the bloody defeat of the Spanish freebooter, de La Cerda, off Winchelsea. The battle, known as "l'Espagnols sur Mer," was fought on Sunday, August 29. But in the interval between these two great actions the gallant Morley had not confined his activity to the sea, for in 1346 he distinguished himself on the memorable field of Cressy. In 1355 he served afloat for the last time, and was appointed Constable of the Tower immediately afterwards; but he served again on shore in France, where he died in 1360. His grandson Thomas, fourth Baron, and K.G., was a distinguished admiral in the following century, and assisted in the defeat of the French off Hatfleur in 1416. W. LAIRD CLOWES.

FAMOUS ENGLISH HUNTS.—No. IV : THE EARL OF HARRINGTON'S FOXHOUNDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN.



1. A MEET AT WIVERTON HALL.
2. THE EARL OF HARRINGTON.

3. COACHING TO THE MEET.
4. OFF TO DRAW.

5. LORD HARRINGTON TAKING HOUNDS
TO COVER.

6. FIELD GOING TO NEW PLANTATION.
7. THROUGH A BROOK.

QUAINT RECREATIONS AND CUSTOMS IN AN OUTPOST OF THE EMPIRE: A FIJIAN FAN-DANCE, AND OTHER SCENES.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE FROM SKETCHES MADE BY THE ARTIST HIMSELF IN FIJI



1. A FIJIAN DRESSED FOR A DANCE.

2. A WARRIOR ATTIRED FOR A FAN-DANCE.

3. WOMEN AND YOUNG PEOPLE FISHING.

4. A WARRIOR WITH HAIR DRESSED IN AN OLD-TIME MANNER.

5. KAI COLO, OR MOUNTAIN MAN.

6. A TYPICAL COAST SCENE.

7. WARRIORS' FAN-DANCE.

The first sketch represents a Fijian dressed from head to foot in tapa, the native cloth beaten from the bark of the vau-tree. The cloth is pure white usually, but the warrior here depicted wears tapa printed from wooden blocks in gorgeous designs of harmonious browns and ochres. The chieftain in the second subject is attired for the fan-dance. About his waist are wound many yards of tapa. After the dance the cloth is solemnly unwound, and left on the grass as a gift to the chieftain whom the ceremony has been designed to honour. The fishing scene shows the curious Fijian method of circumventing a shoal by forming a semicircle round it. The curious method of hair-dressing in the fourth sketch is now becoming rare, but many will remember the Fijian soldiers in the Coronation guard at Whitehall, by whom the art was practised to perfection. In the fan-dance a great band of warriors, with faces blackened, red-spotted, or white-striped, their bodies girt about with white or brown tapa and decorated with leaves and flowers, sing and dance, waving large palm-leaf fans and brandishing long spears. As they move they mimic the actions of the fight.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM FIRE AT SANDRINGHAM.



WHERE THE FIRE ORIGINATED: THE HON. CHARLOTTE KNOLLYS' BED-ROOM.
PHOTOGRAPH BY F. RALPH, DERSINGHAM, NORFOLK.

The room is immediately over the Queen's apartment. Our Illustrations show how the fire affected the floor and ceiling of the separate rooms.

SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, SHOWING THE QUEEN'S BED-ROOM.

The window of her Majesty's room is marked with a cross. The loss occasioned by the recent fire was not peculiarly heavy, but sentimentally it was severe; for the Queen lost many treasured photographs and pictures.



THE SCENE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S PERIL: HER MAJESTY'S BED-ROOM AT SANDRINGHAM AFTER THE FIRE, DECEMBER 10.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. RALPH, DERSINGHAM, NORFOLK.

Immediately above her Majesty's bed-room is the room occupied by Miss Knollys. Into Miss Knollys' room a stove had recently been fitted, and the heat, penetrating the concrete hearthstone, set fire to a beam. The Lady-in-Waiting was awakened by the smoke, and, hastily descending to the Queen's apartments, aroused her Majesty, who made her escape only a few moments before the ceiling fell.



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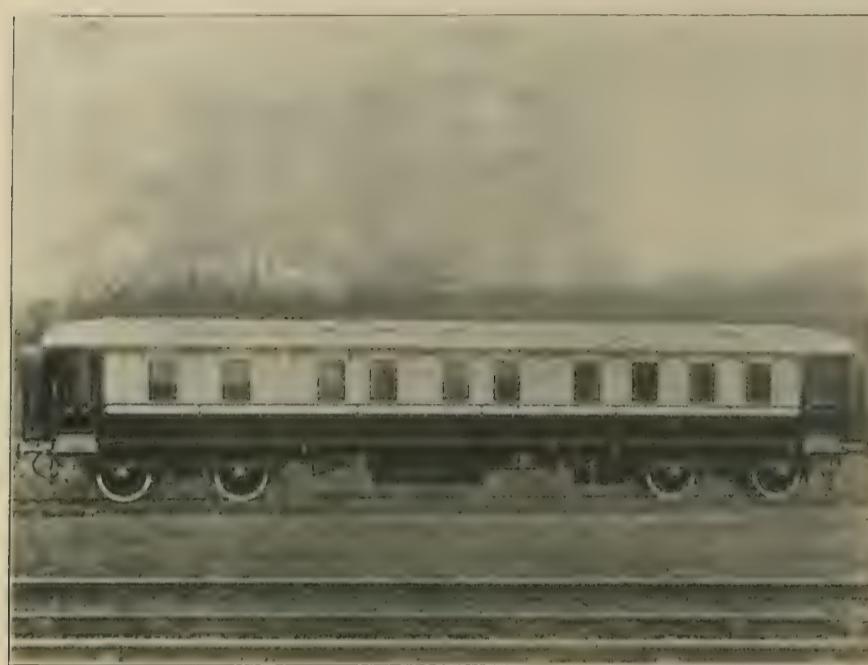
MUSIC.

The Stock Exchange marked their appreciation of the centenary of the brilliant Hector Berlioz by including in their Concert programme, on Dec. 9 at the Queen's Hall, the "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture, the "Hungarian March" from "Faust," and the weird "Symphonie Fantastique," a work of baffling difficulty. It was a triumph both to their admirable orchestra and also to Mr. Arthur Payne, who conducts and trains it. The piece was

one of their parts through illness, but it was quite unnecessary, for they were, as usual, excellent.

The celebration of the centenary of Hector Berlioz was lamentably attended at the Queen's Hall on the evening of Dec. 11. Why it was so it would be difficult to say, for a most attractive programme of the master's works had been arranged, and Dr. Richard Strauss was conducting the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Three movements from "Romeo and Juliet" began the concert, then

pleasures, and the passions." It was difficult to gather all this from the music itself, and its principal charm lay in its magnificent interpretation by Miss Améthié and the orchestra. After the interval, there was an overture of "Les Francs Juges," which Berlioz himself somewhat grandiloquently describes as "How colossal! How horrible!" It certainly has a fantastic, barbarous effect that is often uncouth and seldom inspiring. Miss Alice Holländer sang beautifully three songs of Berlioz.



ONE OF THE NEW COACHES.

THE COMPLETION OF THE ROYAL TRAIN FOR THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

The London and North-Western Railway Company has just built and equipped six new coaches for the royal train, thus completing the number of the vehicles to be reserved for his Majesty's use. The coaches, which have been built at the company's works at Wolverton from the designs of Mr. C. A. Park, Carriage Superintendent, are models of luxurious and elegant appointment. The walls are framed in mahogany, and the floors are laid with a green Wilton pile carpet over grey felt. The saloons can be converted for sleeping accommodation, and are lighted throughout by electricity.

played with extraordinary verve and vitality, which are so essential a characteristic of Berlioz. The effect of the march to the execution and the fall of the block was quite uncanny, as was the witches' revels. Lady Hallé being unfortunately ill, Miss Dorothy Bridson took her place and gave some excellent violin solos. The Madrigal Choir apologised for some weakness in

a Reverie and Caprice for the violin and orchestra in which Miss Evelyn Améthié played charmingly the solo part. This is a programme piece of music, and the composer has himself written a long descriptive word-picture of what he intends to convey of a soul battling against agony of despair and unbelief, to fall under the dominion of "wild delights," the

M. Jean Gérard, our best violoncellist, gave a recital at the St. James's Hall on Thursday, Dec. 10, at three o'clock, and played quite exquisitely. It is impossible to desire more from a violoncello. He played a picturesque concerto in D major of Edouard Lalo, and a beautiful concerto in D major of Haydn, besides several shorter solos.

M. I. H.



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LADIES' PAGES.

Christmas party frocks are the order of the day. It is long since they were so pretty and light, and eminently suitable for young girls' wear, as they are just now. The delicate fragility of tulle is most affected by the maidens whose dress allowances are expansive enough to enable them to regard with equanimity the ruin of a costly frock in a single night. This does not necessarily happen, certainly, but a very trifling accident in dancing will tear away a great piece of a tulle gown, where the more substantial though still airy fabrics that have held the field in years lately past—chiffon, net and gauze—would be but slightly injured. Tulle is particularly unsuited for a garrison dance; a spur will take off yards of the too fragile fabric at a touch. It crushes, too, in overcrowded rooms. But for suitable occasions nothing can be more dainty and becoming than this very delicate and airy material. Mousseline-de-soie, crystalline, and gauze are almost equally charming. Net is useful above all other light fabrics. Flouncings and frillings finish the skirts of these frocks, and trails of blossoms are again permitted to betrim them—a fashion most attractive and suitable for girls.

Young matrons also adopt these light fabrics for dancing-gowns, but usually decorate the *fond* more elaborately. Incrustations of lace and insertions and flounces delicately sequined give importance to a toilette. The popular pelerine effect is striven after in evening dress as well as on walking gowns; a wide berthe of pailleted lace, for instance, brought over the shoulders and allowed to fall down at either side of the bust, partly covering the arms, not continued all round the décolletage, is often employed for obtaining this fashionable effect. A lovely gown thus treated was in white tulle; the skirt was trimmed down with bands of lace insertion lightly pailleted with silver; the waist was encircled with a swathed belt of sky-blue satin, into which the tulle of the bodice was gathered very full; over the arms at the tops, and falling nearly as far as the waist at the sides of the figure, was introduced a wide strip of lace touched with silver sequins like that on the skirt, and at the ends it was tipped with rosettes and hanging "blobs" of silver cord. The wearer had a long chain of diamonds passed once round her throat and then falling over the bust, and she was a vision of sparkle and beauty; and yet the dress was so light as to be perfectly suitable for dancing.

Mr. John Bright's sister, good Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas, used to say, "All that I do must



A SKATING COSTUME TRIMMED WITH VELVET.

be to help women — they need it most." This helpful sisterly spirit is happily spreading among women, and a bazaar held at Portman Rooms last week showed girls of wealthy families, inmates of secure and happy homes, recognising the pleasure and duty of aiding their sisters of the same age who are less fortunate than themselves. The sale was in aid of the Trust Fund of the "Girls' Realm Guild of Service." The object is to help girls of gentle birth who by orphanage or misfortune are compelled suddenly to face the world for themselves, to train for remunerative work. It is pleasant to see that some of those already aided have been through a course of instruction to become trained children's nurses, an occupation in which there is a real demand for ladylike and fairly educated girls, who have no airs and graces, but are willing really to be children's attendants. The bazaar was opened by Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, who looked very handsome in a black silk grenadine gown over thick pink silk; she wore a fine sable and deep lace collar, and a sable toque trimmed with pink loops. The stalls were designed to illustrate Hans Andersen's tales, which allowed great variety of costume. Perhaps the prettiest was the "Shepherdess and the Chimney-sweep Stall," where Miss Margaret Hayman headed a bevy of pretty Watteau shepherdesses in Pompadour muslin sacques and paniers, with becoming white wigs and flower - trimmed plateau hats. Lady Marjorie Greville and Lady Marjorie Manners were expected to preside over the "Santa Claus Stall," where the attendants wore scarlet and white dresses with holly- berry head-dresses. "Little Ida's Flowers" permitted of the girls wearing a variety of pretty flower - dresses, of which the best, perhaps, was Miss D. Williamson's Chrysanthemum, the tawny-yellow straggling petals of the Japanese flower being excellently imitated in silk.

If kindly and clever Mrs. Carson chose to make a charge for admission to the annual meeting of the charity of which she is the moving spirit, the "Theatrical Ladies' Guild," she would certainly obtain a goodly sum to swell the coffers of the Guild. Its object is again the admirable one of help from women to women. The Guild holds weekly "sewing bees" all the year round, at which as many of its members as are in town may be seen stitching away on clothing for the poorer or more unfortunate members of their own profession, and particularly on dainty baby-clothes for little ones for whom no adequate provision is otherwise forthcoming. Besides this, the Guild finds medical attendance, monetary help sometimes, invalid food for the sick, smart gowns or special character-costumes to fit out poor actresses who have been so long out of work that they cannot take

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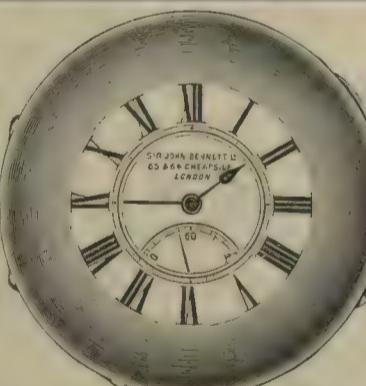
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WATCHES

Lady's Gold Keyless,
£5, £6, and £7 each.
Do. in Silver, £2, £3,
and £4.

an engagement when it is at last offered for lack of the necessary wardrobe, and other forms of professional help that the members of "the profession" know from their own experience is required by the less fortunate of their number. The workers connected with the theatre, otherwise than as actresses, are also helped by the Guild. The annual meeting was held this year in the Haymarket Theatre. It is most amusing to see the actresses "in mufti." They are so charmingly dressed, so beautifully "groomed," so intelligent and pleasant of expression, that the outsider perceives that however it may be with stage dresses and appointments, stage beauty is not a question of gas and illusion by any means. Men are not admitted to these meetings, for we are going to talk of babies' clothes. In the ten years of the Guild's existence it has helped 1061 maternity cases, provided clothing for 1683 babies, found hospital-beds or home attendance for 1071 sick professionals, given everyday clothing to nearly 5000 applicants, and stage dresses to 2125 persons who were thus enabled to accept engagements, while 3433 others were given blankets or warm wraps. Here is an excellent way for wealthy women to dispose of their slightly worn clothing. However smart it may be, it will be suitable for the stage; so send it to Mrs. Carson at 18, Russell Street, Covent Garden. At the meeting, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Constance Collier, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Eva Moore, Mrs. Theodore Wright, Miss Carlotta Addison, and many other stage stars made little speeches, and Lady Burnand handed badges to the six most regular attendants at the "bees."

Yet another effort of women in the cause of women: actually a dinner of ladies alone in aid of the funds of the Women's Local Government Society. Everybody knows that recently the work which many women of public spirit and ability had long been doing for the country by serving on local governing Boards of various kinds has been arbitrarily closed to them by Parliament, although in every case there has been abundant evidence that those ladies were valuable unpaid workers in the public service. The Women's Local Government Society exists to protest against this denial to the public of the services of half the community, and to endeavour to obtain a change in the law so as to enable women again to render services on educational and other representative Boards. Over one hundred and sixty ladies attended the dinner at the Trocadero on Dec. 15, the chair being taken by Lady Strachey.

Christmas shopping is still going on apace, and one of the most popular and suitable purchases, one that pleasantly supplements every other, is a box of sweets, popular with old and young alike. When the famous chocolates of Messrs. Cadbury are obtained for this gift, we know that the highest standard both of purity and flavour is secured. All these goods are made in the village erected by Messrs. Cadbury, and



A CLOTH COAT WITH SABLE STOLE.

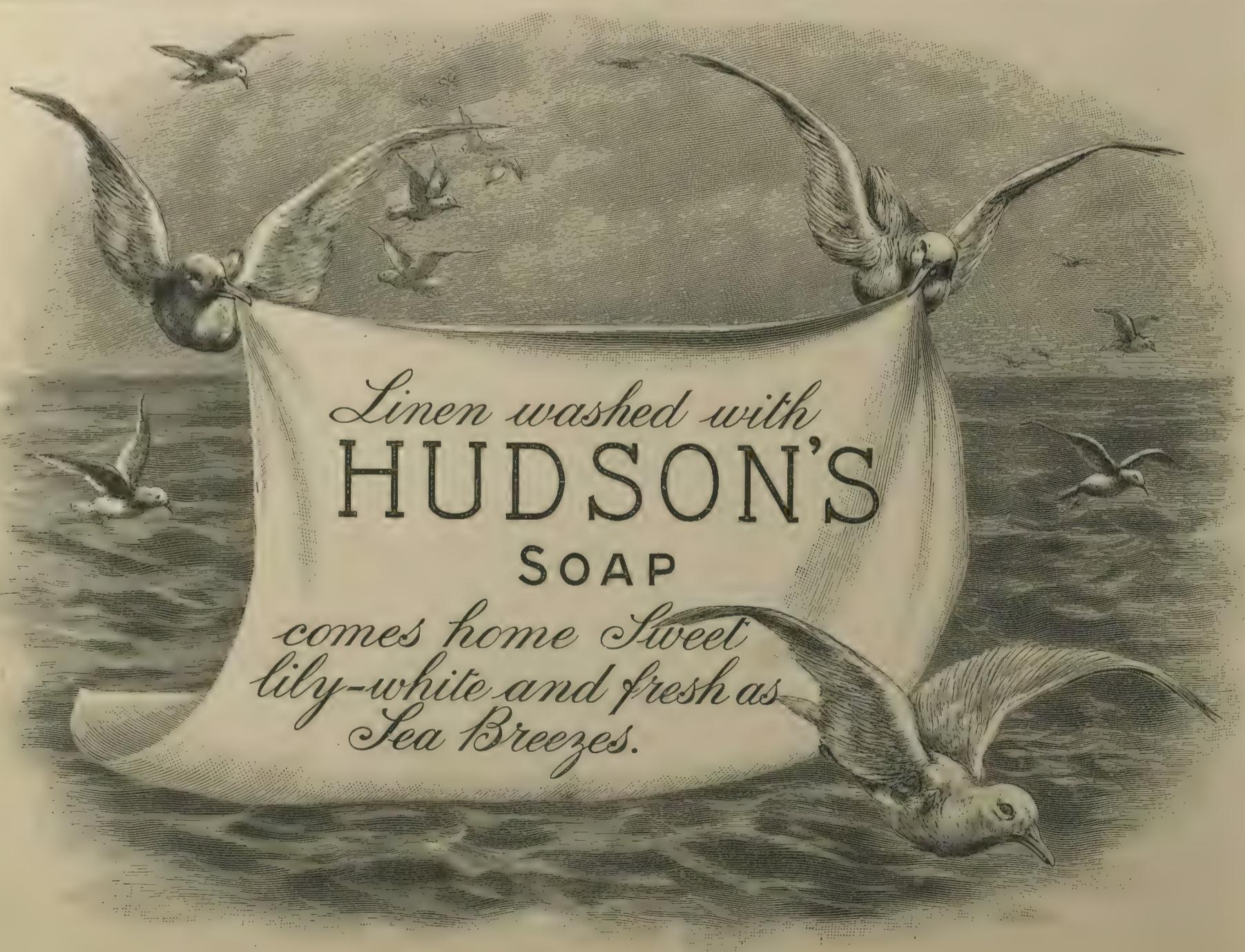
installed with the latest ideas of sanitation and recreation and cleanliness—all that makes for health and good workmanship. Foreigners come to this country specially to study the details of Messrs. Cadbury's village and works, so famed are they for their perfect arrangements. Under these excellent conditions the cocoa that makes such a healthful and pleasant breakfast or supper beverage, and also the long range of toothsome and high-class chocolate sweetmeats that all bear the name of Cadbury, are produced. For gifts to ladies the bonbons are put up in many sorts of handsome cases, while children are catered for with gay and artistic cardboard boxes; and some Cadbury's chocolate should always be added to any other present to be sure of pleasing.

Soap and perfumery make excellent Christmas and New Year gifts, and here it is of the first importance to have the standard of purity a high one. Vinolia soap meets this essential requirement, for it is certified by scientific authority to be perfectly pure, and harmless to the most sensitive skin, so that the complexion is improved by its use; and a box of three tablets would please anybody. The Vinolia Company also manufacture excellent perfumes of quadruple strength, which are sold cased in charming cardboard boxes. The latest of these perfumes is called "Waneta," and it is a very delicious scent; it is also employed as the perfume of the newest make of Vinolia soap.

The latest idea in the development of the Pianola is the "Metrostyle Attachment," introduced by the Orchestrelle Company, of Aeolian Hall, 135, New Bond Street. The invention consists of a pointer on the music-roll that serves to indicate every shade of expression, time, etc., with which each composition should be played. While it does not prevent the performer giving his own individual rendering if he prefers, the Metrostyle enables him, if he pleases, to follow the exact interpretation of it as played by the composer of the music or by some distinguished musician. Paderewski is only one of several pianists whose renderings have been marked down as they played on the rolls of pianola music. An instructive and interesting study would be to obtain one and the same piece of music—say a Chopin nocturne—marked with the interpretation of three or four different performers of the high talent obtained by the Orchestrelle Company, and notice at leisure the varying interpretations. And how keen will be the interest of musicians in future ages to be able thus to study the work of to-day's great masters! Truly this is a wonderful invention.

Our Illustrations are of a skating-dress in cloth, trimmed with bands of velvet outlined with cordings of gold and white, an ermine collar and muff completing the costume; and a cloth paletot with stole of sable and tails. FILOMENA.

Linen washed with
HUDSON'S
SOAP
comes home Sweet
lily-white and fresh as
Sea Breezes.



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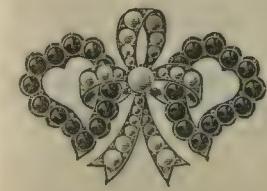


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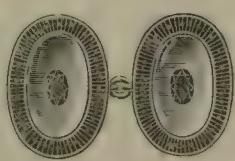
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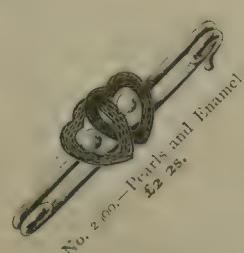
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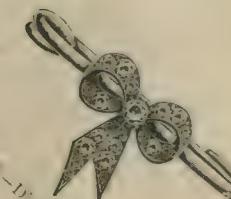
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No. 4001.—Pearl, Diamond, and Enamel Brooch, £9.



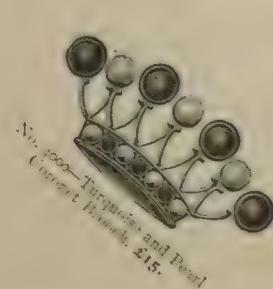
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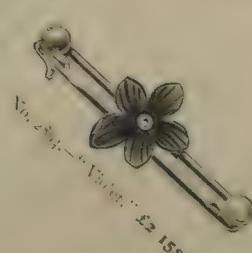
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YULE-TIDE GIFTS.

STREETER & CO. are this year making a speciality of the "fashionable"

OPAL and "lucky" PERIDOT

mounted in combination with other gems, in pretty and exclusive designs.

Selections sent on approval on receipt of reference.



No. 652.—Fine Diamond 3 Stone, £20.

18, NEW BOND STREET, W.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Ainger's successor at Bristol is the Rev. Ravenscroft Stewart, Vicar of All Saints', Knightsbridge. The patronage of the vacant benefice is in the hands of Canon Hensley Henson, as Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Bishop Green, of Ballarat, was offered the Bishopric of Brisbane, in succession to Dr. Webber, but has declined it owing to the pressing claims of his own see. Dr. Green is an Australian by birth, and the son of a country clergyman. He is forty-six years of age and was ordained in 1880.

Bishop Welldon arrived at Adelaide in the beginning of November, and proceeded to Melbourne, where he was the guest of the Governor-General, Lord Tennyson. His health, according to the latest reports, is decidedly better than when he left England.

The Rev. W. H. Carnegie, the newly appointed Rector of St. Philip's, Birmingham, has done excellent work as Rector of Great Witley, which is also in the diocese of Worcester. He was formerly tutor to the Earl of Dudley, whom he accompanied in a tour round the world. During recent years he has interested himself in the movement for securing the inter-communication of parishes, a system which would greatly promote the usefulness of the Church in rural districts. The society of which he is general secretary is known as the U.P.O. (United Parishes Organisation), and Bishop Gore has warmly praised its work.

The Rev. H. E. J. Bevan, Rector of Chelsea, has been appointed to succeed Dr. Thornton as Archdeacon of Middlesex. Dr. Thornton, who has filled the post of Archdeacon with much acceptance for ten years, is retiring on account of broken health. His father, the late Mr. Thomas Thornton, was a well-known member of the *Times* staff, and the Archdeacon inherited his literary powers, as is shown by his "Life of Nikon"

and "Life of St. Ambrose." Prebendary Bevan made his reputation as Vicar of St. Andrew's, Stoke Newington, where between 1883 and 1896 he built up a fine church and gathered around him a devoted membership. His later work as Vicar of Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, and Rector of Chelsea has placed him in the front rank of London clergy.

The Rev. Laurence Sladen has received a very hearty welcome from Churchmen and Nonconformists alike, in

CHRISTMAS RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

On Christmas Day the trains of the Midland Railway Company will run as appointed for Sundays, with the exception of the newspaper express leaving St. Pancras at 5.15 a.m., which will be run to Bedford (with connection to Northampton), Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, and Manchester, as on ordinary week-days, and will also call at St. Albans and Luton. Up night Scotch expresses will leave Glasgow at 9.30 and Edinburgh at 10 p.m., and Carlisle at 12.25 and 12.45 a.m. for London, and 1.15 a.m. for Manchester and Liverpool, on Friday night, Dec. 25, and Saturday morning, Dec. 26. On Bank Holiday, Dec. 26, and on Jan. 1, certain booked trains will be withdrawn. These will be found duly notified in the timetables and by special notices at the stations. Excursions in England, Scotland, and Ireland have also been arranged.

Additional express train will be run, and special arrangements made, in connection with the London and North Western passenger trains for the Christmas holidays. Special arrangements will also be made for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels at the reduced rates now in operation, which in no case exceed parcel post rates. The company also announces cheap excursions to the various parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales reached by their line. For full particulars see announcements.

The Great Western Railway Company issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West End offices, and this arrangement cannot fail to be a boon

to those travellers who desire to avoid the trouble of obtaining tickets at a crowded railway station. Ordinary tickets obtained in London between Dec. 18 and 25 will be available for use on any day between and including those days. Pamphlets containing full particulars of the Christmas excursions and week-end bookings will be



THE BALLOON IN WARFARE: EXPERIMENTS BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS AT ALDERSHOT.

The members of the Aero Club, accompanied by the Comte de la Vaulx, Director of Ballooning to the French Army, visited Aldershot on December 8, and were shown through the military balloon factory by Colonel Temple. Afterwards the Royal Engineers gave a demonstration in the Long Valley, where they filled and sent up a balloon in a very short space of time. The Comte de la Vaulx made the ascent, accompanied in the car by Lieutenant Brookesmith, R.E., and Mr. Frank Butler, of the Aero Club.

entering on his new duties as Vicar of Selly Oak. Mr. George Cadbury, whose model village, Bournville, is in the immediate neighbourhood, has sent him a cordial greeting on behalf of the Society of Friends. Mr. Sladen was one of the six pioneer clergy who visited South Africa last year on behalf of the "Mission of Help."—V.

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS."

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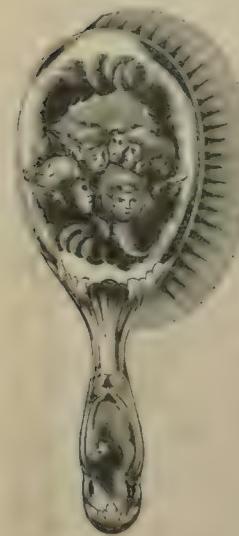
MENU



Solid Silver Menu Stand, with White China Slate, 14s.



Massive Solid Silver Tea Set. Old English Design, Very Quaint. Holding 1 pint, £4 15s.; 2 pints, £7 10s.



Solid Silver Cherub Hair Brush. Finest Quality and Finish. £1 8s. 6d.



Solid Silver Powder Box, Cherub Design, £1 12s. 6d. and £2 5s.



Solid Silver Cherub Hand Mirror, Bevel-edge Glass, £3.



Solid Silver Cherub Clothes Brush. Finest Quality and Finish, 12s. 6d.

PRICES FOR COMPLETE SERVICES ON APPLICATION.

YOU HAVE HEARD OF
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

BUT! HAVE YOU HEARD OF

**WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
TOOTH
POWDER?**

(Sapo Carbonis Detergent,
Dentifrice.)



It is most
refreshing!
Mother uses it—
So do I.

Write to Proprietors of
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, Dept. 9,
48, Southwark Street, London, S.E.
for a Sample Tin, enclosing two penny stamps.
You will be delighted with it.

Tins 4d. & 9d. each.

ST. IVEL**GOLD MEDAL.**

The sale of these Puddings last year exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and we received numerous unsolicited testimonials regarding the excellence of the quality.

This year hundreds of thousands of housewives will be saved the bother of making, for they will buy "ST. IVEL" Xmas Puddings only.

Sold by all Grocers at 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s. each.

If your Grocer does not stock them send us 1s. and we will send one as sample, together with some "ST. IVEL" Novelties, post free.

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NAME THIS PAPER.

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MADE ONLY BY APLIN & BARRETT &c., Ltd., Yeovil.

ALL SIZES IN BASINS

Absolutely unique
in their qualities.

An Xmas Gift for Discriminating Smokers.

STATE EXPRESS

CIGARETTES

No. 555:

4/9 per 100.

Sample Box 10 for 6d.

ASTORIAS,BILLIARD-ROOM SIZE,
IN EAU-DE-NIL BOXES:

6/6 per 100.

Sample Box 10 for 9d.

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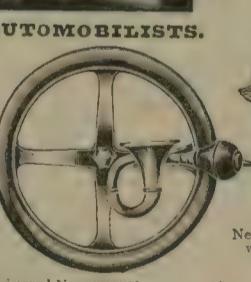
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from The
Association
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Diamond
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TO AUTOMOBILISTS.



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Ring set with Choice Brilliants, £105. Three-Stone Diamond Rings in Stock from £5 to £500.

Ruby or
Sapphire and
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£1 15s.

New Mistletoe Charm,
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£5000 worth
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Second-hand
Jewels. Write
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BEST VALUE IN LONDON.

Turquoise and Diamond Necklace, also forms Tiara, £35; with Opals, same price.
Complete with Chain Back.

Can also be had with Pearls and Diamonds, same price.

With Gold Motor Horn on Brooch, 10s. 6d. extra;
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Gold Motor Horns as Brooches and Pins sold separately.

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(Now playing in "The Duchess of Dantzig")

Practising with the aid of a Simplex.

If you are really desirous of finding out which is the best piano-player, which is easiest to manipulate, and which gives most control of the expression, the only sure way is to try the various instruments on the market for yourself. We court such a trial, and shall be very pleased to give you

every facility at our show-rooms for putting to actual test the

SIMPLEX

PIANO-PLAYER

Even those who have no knowledge of music can play any musical composition with fullest feeling with this wonderful instrument.

Price £52 net. Easy Terms of Payment can be arranged. Illustrated Catalogue No. 15 Post Free on application.

WHOLESALE DEPOT: The SIMPLEX PIANO-PLAYER CO., 15, Colonial Buildings, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. WEST END DEPOT: 15A, Hanover Square, W. CITY DEPOT: 104 and 105, Bishopsgate Street Within; and 84 BRANCH DEPOTS.

forwarded by the company's divisional officers, station-masters, or town office agents on receipt of a postcard stating the information required. Numerous excursions have been arranged for the holiday season, and several ordinary trains will run in duplicate.

The London and South Western Railway Company have issued an excellent pictorial poster in regard to Christmas holiday arrangements. This states that excursions are to be run to Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, Dorset, Hants, Wilts, etc., and that full particulars are given in the programme, obtainable at all the company's London agencies and stations, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

Exceptional facilities are offered by the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Hook of Holland route for visiting Holland and Germany during the Christmas holidays. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon, arrive at the principal towns in Holland the following morning, Cologne at noon, Berlin, Dresden, and Bâle in the evening. The Company also announce that, in addition to the tourist, fortnightly, and Friday or Saturday to Monday or Tuesday tickets to the East Coast and the Norfolk Broads districts (Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cromer, Mundesley, Southend, Clacton, Walton-on-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, Hunstanton, etc.) which are issued from Liverpool Street and their other London and suburban stations, there will be special excursion bookings to most of the above stations; also to Norwich, Cambridge, Wisbech, Lynn,

Iakenham, Colchester, Ipswich, Bury St. Edmunds, Diss, Woodbridge, Beccles, Newmarket, Wells, and other places in the Eastern Counties. Cheap Saturday to Monday tickets are issued by all trains to most of the country stations in the Eastern Counties every Saturday.

The complete provision made by the great railway companies nowadays for the rapid conveyance of Christmas parcels and hampers is in striking contrast to the old-time methods, and the Great Central Railway Company are to the front in catering for the needs of the public at Christmas-time, having made complete arrangements for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas packages in all the chief towns on their system. The charges for parcels carried short distances are lower than those by parcels post, and in the case of longer distances the rates for parcels beyond one pound by parcels post are not exceeded. The Company have issued an A B C programme of their excursion arrangements for the Christmas and New Year holidays from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to all the principal towns in the Midlands, North of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The guide contains complete information as to times of starting, fares, dates, and times of return, etc., for any station, and can be obtained free on application at Marylebone Station, or at any of the Company's agencies.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that cheap excursions will be run from London, Woolwich

(Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E. and C.), Victoria (S. E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), etc., to Scotland, the principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern Districts, etc. On Christmas Day the trains will run as on Sundays, with the exception that an additional express will leave London (King's Cross) at 5.15 a.m. for Peterborough, Essendine, Newark, Bawtry, Stamford, Bourne, Lincoln, Nottingham, York, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Batley, and Halifax, and connecting at York with trains for Thirsk, Northallerton, Darlington, Leamside, Durham, Gateshead, Newcastle, Morpeth, Alnmouth, Belford, Berwick, Dunbar, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen.

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway has arranged for the issue of cheap return tickets to many places at home and abroad, including Tunbridge Wells, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Canterbury, Herne Bay, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkestone, Shorncliffe, Hythe, and Sandgate; Marseilles, Hyères, Cannes, Grasse, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, and other stations on the French Riviera. On Christmas Day several extra trains will run, but the ordinary services will be as on Sundays. On Boxing Day, the Company will also run cheap pantomime excursions from the principal stations to London, returning about midnight.

DREW & SONS
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.
WORKS
UNIQUE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Sketch of a Small Shallow Case, very light, easily Carried arranged with a few Practical Fittings of Finest Quality.

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Mention this paper.

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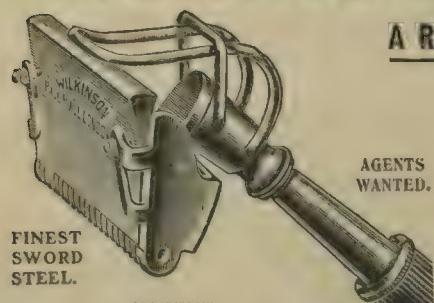
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Shaver and two extra Blades in Leather Case	1 0 0
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WILKINSON SWORD COMPANY, 27 & 28, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

Have you a Friend who is a poor Correspondent?

Present a —

“SWAN”

FOUNTAIN PEN

to make the writing easier.

Improved Size 3 “SWAN” PEN, mounted with bands, 21-(plain, 16/6), postage free. Prices, 10/6, 14/6, 16/6, 21/-, 25/-, 30/-, 42/-, to £20, POST FREE.

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Christmas Presents.

Hamilton's Irish Homespuns, Tweeds, Real Irish Lace, Hand-Embroidered Irish Linen, Irish Poplins, Hand-Knitted Hosiery, Belleek Ware, or Irish Porcelain, Real Irish Bog Oak, and Connemara Marble Novelties—all genuine Irish productions, obtained at first hand from the peasants, and offered without intermediate profit and expense. Selection and purchase made easy by current issue of

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Please write for a free copy. It teems with original and acceptable articles suitable for presents. Money refunded on all purchases that are not satisfactory. All parcels carriage paid.

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"You all do know
this Mantle."

WELSBACH

Mantles are tested before leaving the works, and impressed with the trade mark "AUR."

The Welsbach Warranty.

Every Welsbach Mantle is guaranteed for household lighting. If dissatisfaction results within one month from purchase, the user can secure replacement free of charge by writing to the Company.

Welsbach Mantles and Burners are sold by all Stores, Gasfitters and Ironmongers. Mantles 6d., Burners, from 1/-.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES for WELSBACH

The Wolsey

Pure Wool Underwear

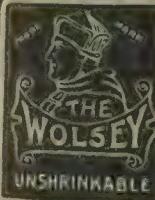
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Any Garment Shrunk in Washing Replaced.

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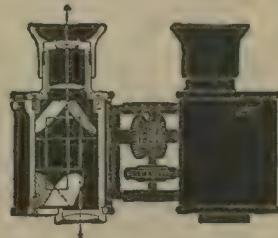
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For amateur photographers who wish to send their friends specimens of their own work as Christmas cards, Kodak, Limited, are issuing extremely attractive mounts printed with seasonable wishes. The deckled edge of some of the mounts will commend them to the curious in antique papers. Private cards can also be supplied.

Charmingly printed books for very little people and a delightful selection of calendars reach us from Mr.

Ernest Nister. Excellent taste invariably marks the work of this house, especially in the letterpress of their story-books. Cards reach us also from Mr. G. Delgado, whose "Union Jack" series is printed entirely in this country.

The season, of course, brings the renewal of our pocket diary, and for this Mr. Charles Letts is a never-failing ally. His serviceable manuals sustain their old-established reputation. The popular Insurance Policy and Self-Opening Tablet are again issued, and the former has been increased to £1000.

For crackers Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. still lead the way, with hosts of amusing novelties. The industry employs several thousand workers. The designs are by British artists, and the chromo-lithographs are printed on the firm's premises. But Mr. Tom Smith still guards jealously that amazing literary secret, the authorship of the rhyming mottoes in the crackers.

A novelty in toy-books has been issued by Messrs. Dean. In the Funny Face Series one little india-rubber

face peeps through all the pages and fits into different costumes, which seem to alter the expression curiously.

At the Court Theatre every afternoon during Christmas time will be given a children's programme, composed of two plays adapted from well-known children's stories. The longer of the two will be a version of Grimm's story, "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men"; the other, "Brer Rabbit." Both have been written by Mr. Philip Carr, the author of "Shock-Headed Peter."

The East London Mission and Relief Works, presided over by the Rev. J. W. Atkinson, has arranged to give some thousands of Christmas dinners to unemployed but respectable suffering poor this Yuletide. The distribution will take place at Latimer People's Hall, Bridge Street, opposite the People's Palace, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23. Funds are urgently needed.

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SPECIAL TRAINS will leave PADDINGTON as under—

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24.—1.0 night for Swindon, Bath, Bristol, Taunton, Exeter, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Newpott, Cardiff; Swansea, &c. **CHRISTMAS DAY.**—5.30 a.m. for Reading, Swindon, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Hereford, Cardiff, Swansea, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Penzance, Trowbridge, Frome, Yeovil, Bridport, Dorchester, Weymouth, &c. 5.35 a.m. for Oxford, Banbury, Leamington, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Worcester, Malvern, Kidderminster, &c.

For full particulars of Special Trains see pamphlets. Several through Expresses from and to London will not be run on the Bank Holiday; and certain local trains will be discontinued during the Holidays.

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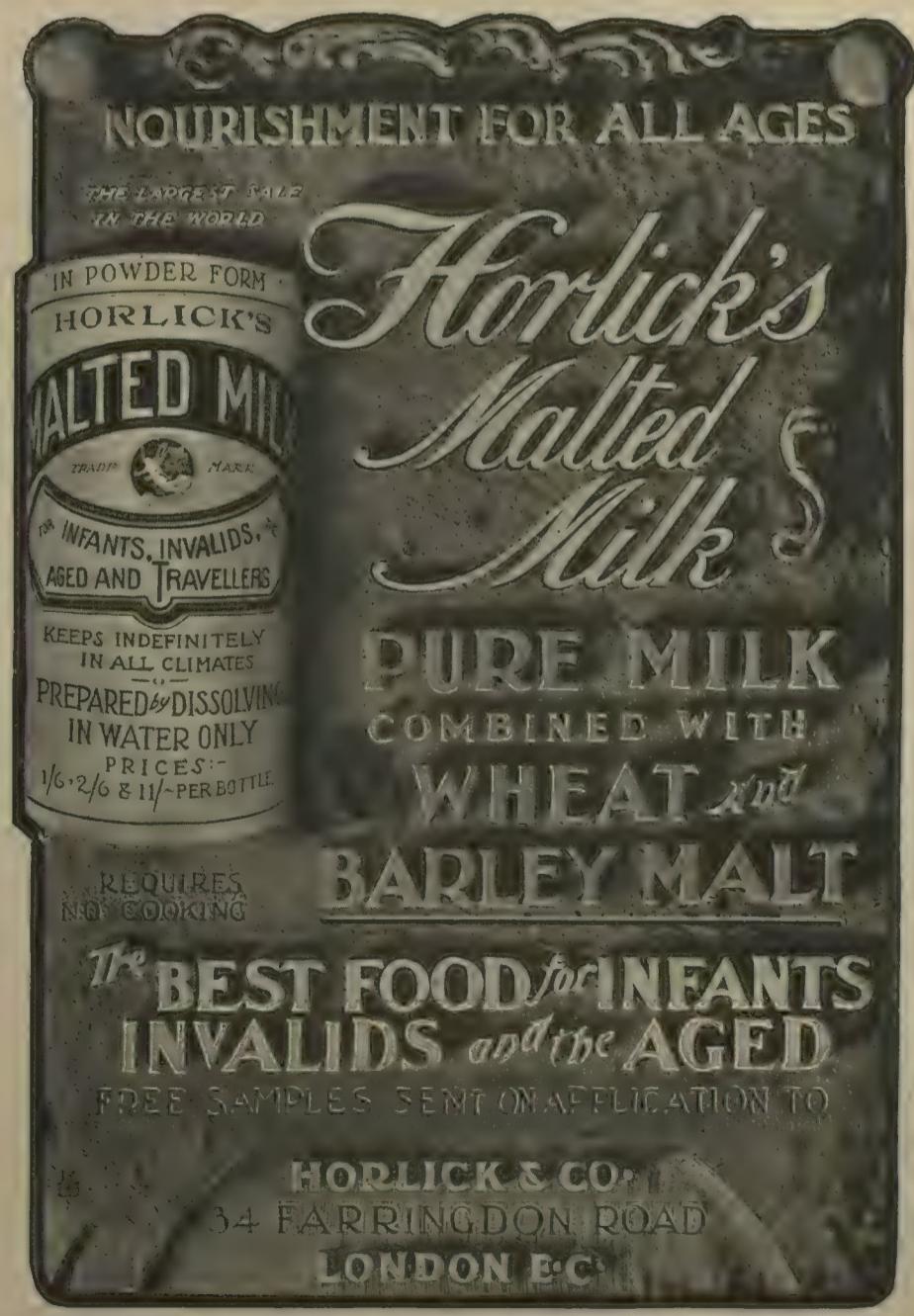
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ART NOTES.

At Leighton House, in Holland Park Road, Kensington, a loan collection of Lord Leighton's works is on view. It supplements the Leighton House exhibition of his works held two years ago, and includes the charming "Head of a Young Girl" presented by the artist to the Prince and Princess of Wales, who now lend it; "A Fair Persian," lent by Sir Elliott Lees, Bart., M.P.; "Anita," lent by Mr. Henry Lucas; "Woman with Pomegranate," lent by Mrs. Stephenson Clarke; "The Ancient Juggling Girl," lent by Mr. Hodges; and "The Light of the Harem," lent by Mrs. Taylor. The day for useful criticism of these works is past. They can be enjoyed on their merits without any afterthought of the duty of telling the artist where his colour cloys, his gestures lack animation, or his lights are dulled monotonously. Grace, harmonious feeling, scholarly draughtsmanship, a sense of refinement never lost—these and other admirable qualities, rare among contemporary paintings, belong to all that came from the easel of the most generally accomplished President the Royal Academy has yet possessed.

In his sketches in oil-colour Lord Leighton achieved a brilliance and a spontaneity which his more important work does not always possess. Of such sketches there is a representative collection to be seen at Leighton

House. The late President's only surviving sister, Mrs. Matthews, is among the lenders; so is the Hon. Mrs. A. Sartoris, a name that suggests the closest and longest friendship he ever enjoyed; Mrs. Russell Barrington, to whom all lovers of Lord Leighton's work owe a debt for her untiring efforts to keep his memory green; Lady Wantage, Mrs. Stuart Hodgson, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, and Sir Edward Poynter. These sketches belong to two classes. Some are sketches made for pictures afterwards well known. Others are sketches made upon his travels by Lord Leighton for their own sakes, and these are they that possess both the greatest interest and the greatest beauty.

The charcoal sketches of Mr. Frank Mura—some fifty in number—exhibited at Warwick House by permission of Lord and Lady Warwick, are mostly of landscape, and include, as perhaps the best of all, a view of "Warwick Castle from the Bridge." Mr. Mura revives to some extent the tradition in black and white of the great Barbizon School; nor could he seek for better models in any other quarter. The black of charcoal is in itself a delight, and in skilled hands it can achieve a wide variety of effects. It can be austere and brittle as a dead bough of a tree, or as velvety as a peach, and as soft as a young girl's hair. Charcoal can almost bloom;

and in Mr. Mura's sketches it achieves a very fair measure of its manifold possibilities.

Mr. Alexander Fisher has attracted the admiration of lovers of the handicrafts by his exhibits of metal and enamel work in the Sculpture Gallery at Burlington House for several successive seasons. A commission for the Dublin Museum has just been executed by him—a triptych representing in enamel scenes in the life of St. Patrick. The three finely coloured and perfectly harmonised panels are fixed in a frame of brass—brass purposely cast with an almost silver sheen. A strapwork of silver, Celtic in design, interlaces the brasswork; and together they make a delightfully refined border to the brilliant design they enclose.—W.M.

December 19, 1903, that day of which the public has been so carefully advertised, will ever be memorable as the date on which terminated the *Times* sale of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" at less than half price. Since 1898 many thousands of copies have been sold, and the low price, with the system of instalments, has brought the volumes within the reach of very many who could not otherwise have added to their libraries 40,000,000 words of text, 30,000 pages, and 26,000 articles by 2000 contributors.

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Can be instantly raised, lowered, revolved, or tilted either way to any degree to suit person or purpose. Is adapted for use over Bed, Couch,

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 24, 1897), with three codicils (dated July 25, Sept. 15, and Oct. 17, 1903), of Sir John Blundell Maple, M.P., of Tottenham Court Road and Childdwickbury, St. Albans, who died on Nov. 14, has just been proved, the value of the estate, so far as can at present be ascertained, being £200,000. The testator gives to his wife £10,000, the household effects, his horses Common and Royal Hampton and eight mares, and an annuity during widowhood of £20,000, or £10,000 per annum should she again marry, and he requests her to expend £3000 per annum for charitable purposes; to his son-in-law Baron von Eckhardtstein a conditional £250 each quarter; to the executors of his will £500 per annum each; to Richard William E. Middleton an additional £2000 per annum for twenty years; to his mother an annuity of £1000; to his mother-in-law,

Mrs. Sarah Merryweather, £5000; to John Mann Taylor, James Wharton, and Jeremiah Colman, £10,000 each; to his sisters Clara Wharton, Emily Taylor, and Annie Colman £20,000 each, and £300,000, in trust, for them; and very many other legacies. He directs his executors to complete the rebuilding of University College Hospital at a cost not exceeding £200,000; and on the decease of Lady Maple £20,000 is to be applied for charitable purposes. The residue of his property he leaves, on various trusts, for his daughter, the Baroness von Eckhardtstein.

The will (dated April 30, 1896) of the Hon. George Charles Brodrick, D.C.L., of Merton College, Oxford, and 11, Pall Mall, who died on Nov. 8, was proved on Dec. 8 by the Right Hon. William St. John Fremantle Brodrick and the Hon. Laurence Alan Brodrick, the nephews, the value of the estate being £141,090. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to his brothers, Viscount Middleton and the Hon. Alan Brodrick; £1000 to his

sister, Harriet Brodrick; £4000, the oil-painting of Bishop Bickley, and his paintings and engravings of Merton College, to the Warden and Fellows thereof in memory of his long and happy connection therewith; £100 each to his executors; and the household furniture to his niece, Albinia Brodrick. The residue of his property he leaves as to three fourths to the children of Viscount Middleton, and one fourth to the children of his brother Alan.

The will (dated July 28, 1898), with a codicil (dated July 4, 1899), of Mr. Christopher Henry Thomas Hawkins, of 10, Portland Place, W., and Trewhiten Probus, Cornwall, who died on July 26, was proved on Dec. 5 by Mrs. Jane Ellen Hawkins, the widow, and Henry Manisty, the executors, the value of the estate being £203,279. The testator gives £100 each to Colonel Richard Waldo Sibthorp, Henry T. Waldo Sibthorp, Nita Moore, J. G. Moore, Henry Manisty, and Louisa Gillett; and the residue of his property to his wife.

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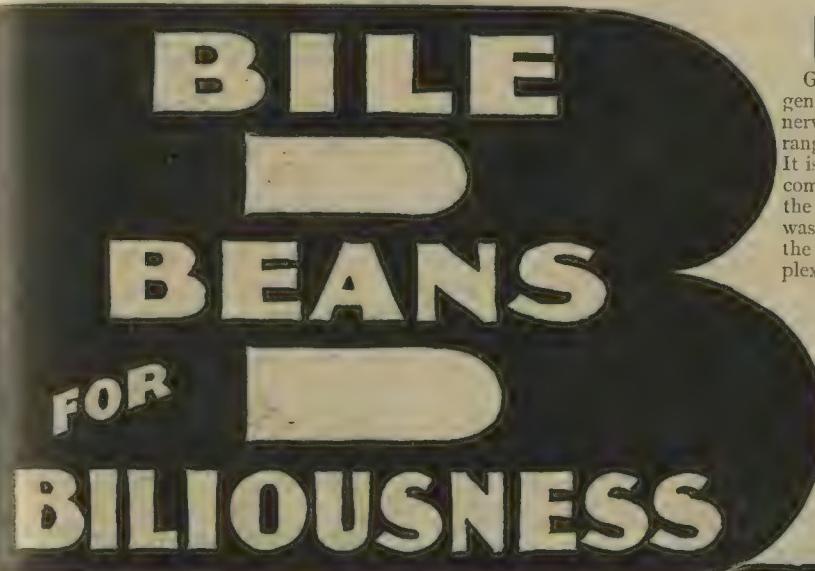
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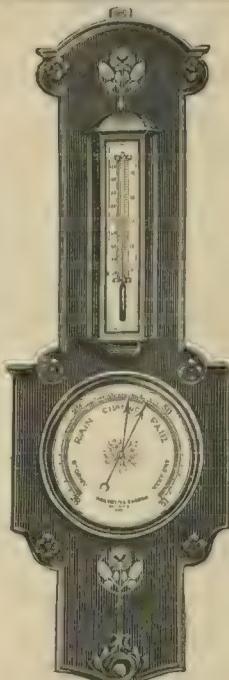
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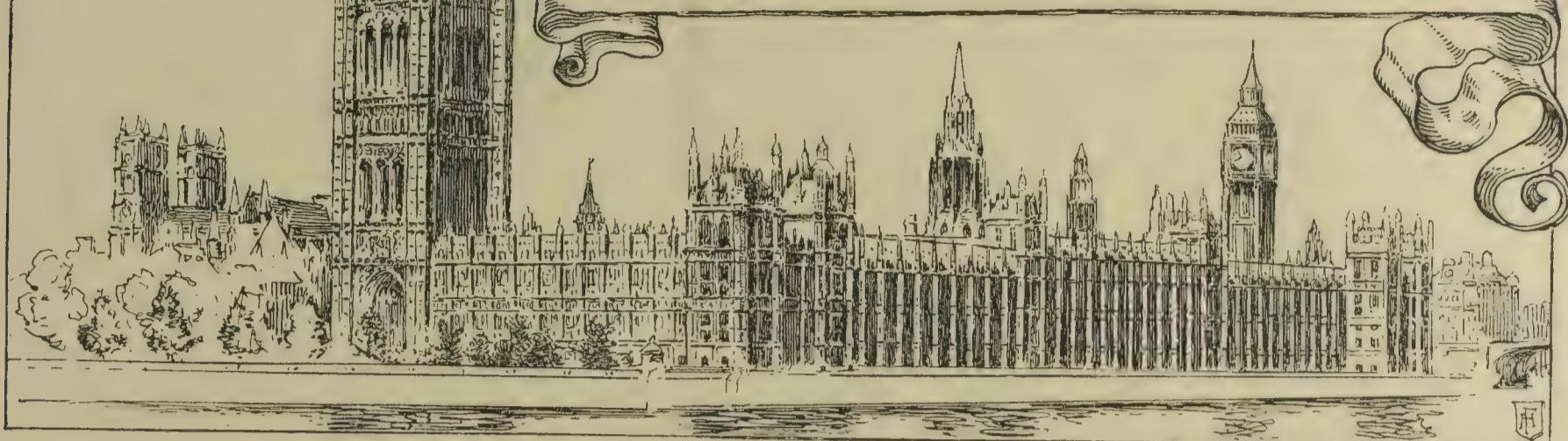
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MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT HOME.



BEING A SKETCH OF THE EX-COLONIAL SECRETARY'S POLITICAL CAREER, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF HIS HOME LIFE AND PURSUITS DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST DURING AN INTERVIEW AT Highbury, BIRMINGHAM.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, whatever view one may take of his character and policy, is unquestionably the foremost man in our public life; but he presents a marked contrast to the type of statesman with which our history is most familiar. He bears a curious facial resemblance to Pitt. Needless to say, two men were never more unlike. He remained somewhat of an enigma to Gladstone, who understood Bright well enough. Bright, like Mr. Chamberlain, sprang from the people, had no academic training, and was for many years heartily detested by the "classes"; yet we rank him now with the statesmen of the old school. He belonged to the atmosphere of Gladstone and Peel by the cast of his mind and the elevation of his oratory. Although he had been a manufacturer, he was much more at home with Milton than with current prices. But among the eminent politicians who had been reared at public schools and the Universities, Mr. Chamberlain brought the unfamiliar graces of a great contractor. He was a man of business in the most acutely modern sense. The critic who called him the personification of Birmingham hardware did not mean this entirely as a gibe; but it contrasted him sharply with the tradition which had hitherto prevailed among our governing notables. Disraeli was isolated from that tradition too; but he was a romantic, and even a mysterious phenomenon. Romance and mystery had no dealings with Joseph Chamberlain. Screw - maker, Caucus - organiser, Mayor of Birmingham, keen and combative, lucid and forcible in speech, but no master of rhetorical ornament, at least in his early days—it was not strange that the advent of such a personality in the great arena should perturb the elder champions, and cause forebodings of ill to English public life, when "machine-made politics," as the phrase was, threatened to destroy the fine flower of chivalry and ancestral influence.

Mr. Chamberlain's father was a boot-and-shoe manufacturer in the City of London, and the most famous member of the family was born in Camberwell on July 8, 1836. It is written in the chronicles of admiring teachers that, as a boy, he had no taste for games. Few Englishmen have risen to such eminence with such a callous indifference to sport. Half of Palmerston's popularity was won on the racecourse. Mr. Chamberlain has ridden a Boer pony on the "illimitable veldt"; but there is an ominous silence about the quality of his horsemanship. At University College School in Gower Street he seems to have made no deep impression on his contemporaries. He went into the City at an early age, and thence to Birmingham; but before he applied his mind to hardware he dallied

with the drama. "He even wrote a farce in one act, and performed in it." Where is that farce? Why is it not published by the Tariff Reform League as a diversion from leaflets on the fiscal question? Did Mr. Chamberlain's acting remind the spectators of Charles Mathews in "Cool as a Cucumber"? We shall never know, unless he can spare the time from public labours for compiling his memoirs. At Birmingham Mr. Chamberlain entered the firm of Nettlefolds, and speedily distinguished himself by the quality which is playfully termed "pushfulness." Commercial rivals complained that he "hustled" them; and his methods of business have often supplied themes for the exercise of party feeling. It is probable that if the manufacturer had never become the politician, Nettlefolds would never have been criticised.

Twenty years at Birmingham made Mr. Chamberlain the master spirit of the town. He helped Mr. Schnadhorst to create the Liberal Caucus, which was regarded with horror by good Conservatives until they formed an effective Caucus of their own. As efficient organisation is necessary to any party system, there was something rather hollow in denunciations of the machinery which was said to crush out all individuality; to make the

candidate a slave, and the elector a tool. These tirades are never heard now; and there appears to be no greater proportion of slaves and tools than existed before Mr. Chamberlain was born. The value of machinery in organising enthusiasm was shown by the General Election of 1880, when the methods of the Birmingham Caucus did so much to swell Mr. Gladstone's majority. But there was nothing mechanical in the influence which Mr. Chamberlain acquired in Birmingham, and extended through the Midlands. It was the reward of personal force, of great executive ability, of a positive genius for municipal government. Mr. Chamberlain was never offended



LETTERS ON THE FISCAL QUESTION: MR. CHAMBERLAIN GOING THROUGH HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HIGBURY.

when opponents who knew nothing about municipal politics sneered at his "Mayoral mind." He had made the city of his adoption conspicuous for that mild kind of administrative Socialism which manages gas and water, and the housing of the poor. Elsewhere this policy may have been carried to excess, and some forms of municipal trading are open to criticism; but Mr. Chamberlain adhered to the principle that a civic corporation should limit its energies to affairs which it can administer better than a private company. Gas and water gave him a renown which does not glitter in the pages of history. No grateful ratepayer struck the lyre, and crowned the common benefactor with the

chaplet of poesy. When we think of Gladstone, hailed by the discerning as the future Prime Minister while yet at Oxford; or of Disraeli, dreaming of Asiatic Imperialism while still the "wondrous boy who wrote 'Alroy'"; the imagination is chilled by the spectacle of Joseph Chamberlain making screws, and directing the main drainage. But the historian will not fail respectfully to note how this extraordinary man laid the basis of his power at Birmingham, and spread it into a larger sphere, so that within four years of his entrance into Parliament he was a Cabinet Minister, and the greatest factor in Liberalism next to Mr. Gladstone.

Sprung from Unitarian stock, Mr. Chamberlain had sided very strongly with the Nonconformists who resented Mr. Forster's education policy. He was one of the founders of the Birmingham League, which demanded a system of compulsory secular teaching. The League condemned the Act of 1870, and took its revenge in 1874, when Mr. Gladstone owed his defeat at the polls not a little to the Nonconformist apathy. But the rift was closed six years later. In the stormy agitation against Disraeli's Eastern policy Mr. Chamberlain had backed the Liberal leaders with all his might. He had joined in the outcry against Sir Bartle Frere, and denounced the annexation of the Transvaal. In the vehement Radical of those years there was no hint of the Imperialist of a later day; but it is noteworthy that when he was much younger, and the rising hope of the Birmingham and Edgbaston Debating Society, he condemned Bright's views of foreign policy, and of the extension of the Empire. He denied that wars were made by the aristocracy for their own selfish ends, and maintained that every war since the Revolution of 1688 had been popular. If Bright had heard of this audacious assault upon his cherished convictions; if he had known that his assailant was anxious to form a company of Rifle Volunteers out of the heroes of the Debating Society, he would have set down Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as a very truculent young Tory. But when he became Bright's lieutenant at Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain was all against foreign adventures. In the Cabinet of 1882 he applauded the surrender of the Transvaal to the Boers after Majuba, and opposed the expedition to Egypt. Always frank, Mr. Chamberlain has since confessed that his views at that time were erroneous; but he has not pointed out that he was a wiser man at the age of twenty-two,

Forster was sharpened by a divergence of views on the Irish question. Mr. Chamberlain entered into those friendly relations with some prominent Nationalists which prompted them to accuse him afterwards of perfidy.



THE EX-MINISTER'S FARMING INTERESTS: TYPES OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S JERSEY CATTLE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG.

He was against coercion; he took a prominent part in the singular transactions which culminated in what was called the Kilmainham Treaty. Mr. Parnell, tired of Kilmainham as an abode, made terms with the Government for his release. Forster resigned, and showed up the terms in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain had many Irish friends then; and had he become Chief Secretary he would have been a hero in Ireland for at least a week. There came a day when his rising in the House was greeted by the Irish benches with a cry of "Judas!" But the Celtic nature was ever extravagant.

As late as 1885 Mr. Chamberlain incarnated the hopes of the advanced Radicals. He was willing to give a large measure of Home Rule to Ireland, although he had never conceded the principle of legislative independence. He treated the Irish members as the natural allies of the bolder spirits in the Liberal party. By the Conservatives he was proclaimed to be rather worse than a Jacobin; and he repaid this sentiment by preaching the doctrine of "ransom." The landlords were to buy the sufferance of the people by heavier contributions to the revenue; and the agricultural labourer was to be converted into a peasant yeoman with "three acres and a cow." "Ransom" took a practical shape some years later in Sir William Harcourt's Death Duties; but in 1885 Mr. Gladstone viewed Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda without sympathy. It was a challenge to his authority. He had never liked the man from Birmingham, and was probably not offended when Lord Salisbury compared this audacious politician with Jack Cade. Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain made it clear that he regarded himself as Mr. Gladstone's natural successor. "I am the heir to the Liberal leadership," he said in effect. "The other men are played-out Whigs." Lord Hartington he described as Rip van Winkle, and Mr. Goschen as "the Egyptian skeleton at the feast." Mr. George Russell has told us that at this juncture he found Mr. Gladstone wholly unconscious of Mr. Chamberlain's power in the country, and under the impression that the leading Liberal statesman next to himself was Lord Granville. Mr. Russell urged his chief to send for Mr. Chamberlain, who paid a visit to Hawarden. What passed between the grand old generalissimo and the rebellious brigadier is not known; but it seems to have deepened the distrust on one side and heated the ambition on the other.

The personal factor in politics is very strong, but quite incalculable. It is possible that when Gladstone made up his mind to solve the Irish problem by the heroic expedient of a Parliament in Dublin, this project had for him the additional attraction that it would "dish" a certain too aspiring Radical. Mr. Chamberlain could not outbid him on that issue. It is possible that had he been won by Mr. Chamberlain's personality, instead of repelled by it, the great schism might have been averted. In that event, the Home Rule scheme might have exchanged its quixotic "union of hearts" for an amplified autonomy of gas and water. But the latent antagonism of two natures destroyed all chance of compromise. Gladstone was the more fervent in his faith that an Irish Parliament would draw the two countries nearer together; and Chamberlain was the more resolute in his conviction that it would lead to Separation. It cannot be denied that he made sacrifices to that conviction. Jacobinism knew him no more; he ceased to talk of "ransom," and to rail at Bishops and publicans; he came to admire the wakefulness of Rip van Winkle, and the vital energy of the Egyptian skeleton; he was the ally of the man who had called him Jack Cade. Political life sees



ONE OF MRS. CHAMBERLAIN'S FAVOURITE WALKS AT HIGBURY.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HIGBURY.

when he wanted to rally the riflemen of the Birmingham and Edgbaston Debating Society in defiance of John Bright. That would be a romantic touch; but he has missed it.

In the Cabinet of 1880, however, Mr. Chamberlain soon made it clear that he was no acquiescent figure in a chorus. The old antagonism to



RELIEF FROM FISCAL WARFARE: MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN CONSULTATION WITH HIS HEAD GARDENER AT HIGBURY.
DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HIGBURY.



THE HARD-WORKED LEISURE OF AN EX-MINISTER: MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN HIS STUDY ENGAGED ON THE ENORMOUS CORRESPONDENCE INVOLVED BY THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, DURING A SITTING GRANTED BY MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT HIGBURY.

Mr. Chamberlain is assisted in his labours by his private secretary, Mr. Wilson.

S. BEGG.

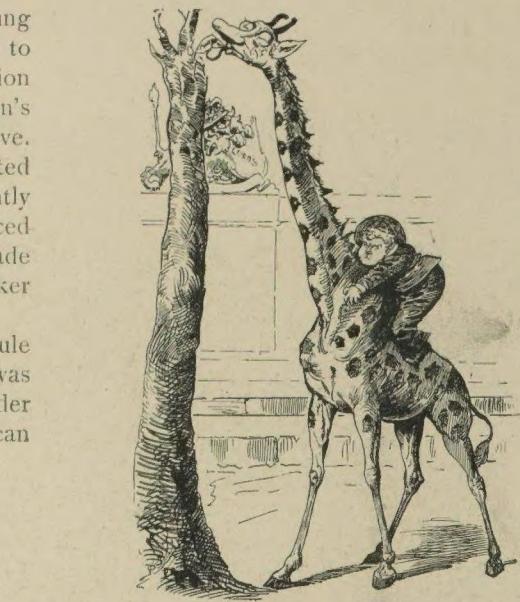
many transformations; but they are rarely so sudden as this. No statesman of any importance has ever clung to one set of opinions all his days. Bismarck used to laugh at consistency, and adapt himself to a new situation with almost brutal frankness. But Mr. Chamberlain's old associates have never been able to forget or forgive. They picture him as the renegade who has deserted every cause in turn. Many of them were vehemently opposed to Home Rule before Mr. Gladstone embraced it; but the swiftness of their own conversion made Mr. Chamberlain's hostility seem to them all the blacker treason.

From 1886 to the defeat of the second Home Rule Bill in 1893, the course of our domestic politics was mainly a duel between Gladstone and the lost leader of the Radicals. No one who witnessed them can forget the brilliant passages of arms on the floor of the House of Commons. In the great speech with which Gladstone closed the debate on the first Irish Bill, the finest thing was the masterly sketch of his chief antagonist "trimming his sails to every breeze." Mr. Chamberlain's early entanglements with Irish politics laid him open to this satire. When he alluded on one occasion to some "right honourable friend" — whether Gladstonian or Unionist did not appear — the deep voice of his old leader interjected, "Which of them? You have so many!" But he had his revenges. Whether he be a constructive statesman or not, he is an incomparable critic. His analysis of the complicated Home Rule schemes was deadly. It provoked Mr. Gladstone's famous protest against

the assumption that the Irish people had "a double dose of original sin": to which Mr. Chamberlain retorted, "Let us have more argument and less drama!" For the absorbed spectators of those great encounters there could not be drama enough. The culminating scene came one night when Mr. Chamberlain had made a tremendous onslaught, and Mr. Gladstone responded with one of those inspirations of passion and dialectical skill which were the marvels of his closing days. Presently he adverted to the maiden speech of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and the angry parent sat listening with a lowering face. But the old man turned to him with a beautiful courtesy, and said of that speech that its success must have been "dear and refreshing to a father's heart." Deeply touched, Mr. Chamberlain bowed his head and was moved to tears. A few days later, at some public dinner, he paid a glowing and grateful tribute to the illustrious orator who had done this honour to his family.

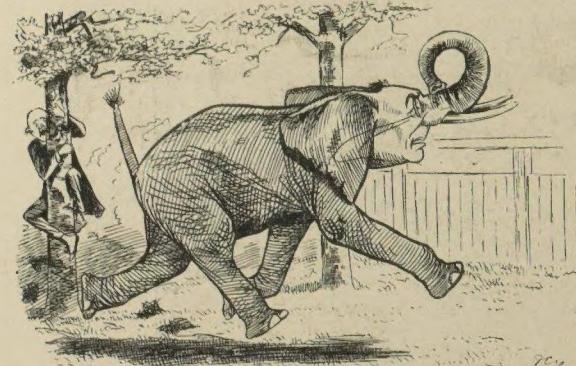
In the Salisbury Ministry from 1886 to 1892, no Liberal Unionist took office except Mr. Goschen, who was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer after the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill. When the Unionists returned to power in 1895, Mr. Chamberlain became Colonial Secretary. Before his time the Colonial Office had been a perplexed and vacillating Department, heartily despised by the communities with which it fitfully meddled. In the stormy years of his administration Mr. Chamberlain roused a more embittered opposition than any of his predecessors ever knew; but, save among the

Dutch in South Africa, it was confined to one party at home, and to the friends of the Boers on the Continent. The Colonies may be right or wrong in their estimate of the man; but it is fair to say that he was the first Colonial Secretary they respected. The trouble in South



MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN CARICATURE: THE EX-MINISTER IN THE GUISE OF VARIOUS BIRDS AND ANIMALS, AS CONCEIVED BY MR. HARRY FURNISS.

The blackbird and the penguin occurred in cartoons apropos of the opening of Parliament. The giraffe suggested that Mr. Chamberlain would be difficult to stick on to. The stag, an obvious parody of Landseer, is a cartoon of the present moment. For the right to reproduce these, we acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Harry Furniss, of the Proprietors of "The King and his Army and Navy," and of the Editor of the "People."



THE POLITICAL "JINGO"

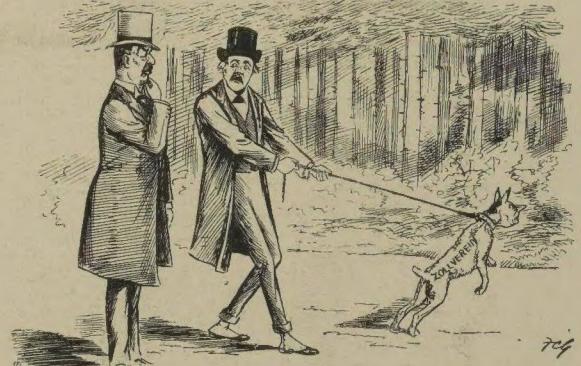
Mr. Balfour (rather up a tree): Good heaven! This is worse than Somaliland. He's getting dangerous.
We shall have to send him away on a voyage again.



THE DYKE BORER

Ah, little rat, that honest in the dyke
Thy hole at night to let the boundless deep
Down upon far-off cities while they dance—
Or dream—

TENNYSON, "Merlin and Vivien"



THAT DOG AGAIN

Mr. Balfour: What do you say, Ritchie? Is it safe to let him off the chain? I dare say he'd bring us something, as he did in 1900, but I don't quite like that sort of thing. It's so liable to be misrepresented.

Mr. Ritchie: It certainly is rather risky—but can you hold him?



HIS FIRST SMOKE

Sir James (feeling very unsettled): Oh dear! I wish I hadn't let Joe make me promise to smoke the thing. Shall I be able to get through with it?



THE SAME TRICK—1900 AND 1903

Mr. B.: He's off again—on his own—and ours too! If we only stay together and wait here he's sure to bring us back something.—Westminster Gazette.



GAMEKEEPER AND POACHER

Tom Gamekeeper: All right, father, I can't see you.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN CARICATURE: SOME NOTABLE SPECIMENS OF THE WORK OF HIS GREAT PICTORIAL OPPONENT, MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD FROM HIS BOOK, "POLITICAL CARICATURES, 1903," JUST PUBLISHED BY MR. EDWARD ARNOLD.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FAVOURITE HOBBY: THE EX-MINISTER IN HIS ORCHID-HOUSE, WITH HIS HEAD ORCHID-GARDENER.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT Highbury.

Africa, which had been brewing since the creation of the Transvaal as a Boer State, neither independent nor a vassal, came to a head with the Jameson Raid. That unhappy adventure ended the political career of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and desperate efforts were made to involve Mr. Chamberlain in the disaster. He was charged with complicity. His personal opponents believed that he had engineered the Raid, and trusted his reputation to the harum-scarum company who galloped over the border to the inglorious fiasco of Krugersdorp. Mr. Chamberlain's case was that he knew no more of the affair than Sir Hercules Robinson, who had been kept completely in the dark. The Parliamentary inquiry was not impressive. It left several matters shrouded in mystery; but on the Committee sat men who were not guardians of the Colonial Secretary's honour, and they have never impugned it. To any detached mind the idea of Mr. Chamberlain's engaging in an intrigue with Mr. Rhodes to send Dr. Jameson on a filibustering foray into the Transvaal, with the hope that he would upset the Republic, was simply absurd. Mr. Rhodes was a self-reliant statesman with no esteem for the Colonial Office, and not the smallest disposition to take it into his confidence. Besides, he must have known enough of Mr. Chamberlain to see that, as a confederate in a scheme of this sort, this was the very last man to choose.

After the Raid, events shaped into a duel between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Kruger. It is a fond tradition with some politicians that, but for Dr. Jameson, Mr. Kruger would never have dreamed of the armaments which made the Transvaal the chief military Power in South Africa. But his native sagacity must have taught him that without those armaments he could not expect to cope with the discontent of the great body of his taxpayers, who had no voice in the Government, and with the possible intervention of the Suzerain. When war was eventually made, it was made with the manifest and perfectly logical resolve to drive out of South Africa the Power that was behind the Outlanders. At the last moment Mr. Kruger might have averted or postponed an appeal to arms by conceding the five years' franchise. Apparently our Ministers believed this would happen. Probably it would have happened if they had taken the legitimate precaution of strengthening the garrisons in Natal, instead of leaving the Colony in a condition of military weakness, which was too great a temptation to the Boers. How far Mr. Chamberlain was responsible for this deplorable optimism nobody can say; but it is a fair criticism that the just demands he made upon the Transvaal Government were mocked by our military unreadiness. In the long ordeal that followed, Mr. Chamberlain owed much to the stubborn resolve of his countrymen, and to the ineffectual attacks of a divided Opposition. He won a General Election on the war issue, and he enhanced his own prestige by the terms of peace, and by his memorable visit to South Africa. On the "illimitable veldt" he brooded over the future of the Empire, and came to the momentous conclusion that it can be kept from dissolution only by a fiscal bond. His enemies say that he invented this policy to distract the mind of the country from the damaging revelations of the War Commission. They cannot see that the personification of hardware is transfigured by an ideal.



A PICTURESQUE BIT OF THE GROUNDS OF HIGBURY: THE LAKE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HIGBURY.

It is to an ideal that this singular genius has attained, although he translates it in terms of finance instead of poetry. His finance may be wholly unsound; it may entail burdens too great to be borne; or it may transform our commercial system to something more lucrative, as by the touch of Harlequin's wand. But that he deeply and fervently believes that he has found the alchemy to transmute a preferential tariff into indissoluble ties of Imperial interest is surely beyond question. He has been called a "Brummagem Bagman," and the name, he says, does not hurt him. Every Imperial trader is a Bagman after all. The Colonial statesmen who met Mr. Chamberlain in conference, and pleaded the commercial interests of their States, might have been called Colonial Bagmen without affront. To hope that our distant kindred may be more closely bound to us by exports and imports is no degradation of Imperial sentiment. The particular scheme

is another affair. For its sake Mr. Chamberlain has broken the last link with his Radical past. Free Trade is cast off, and his old friends, whose tenderest feelings he is always lacerating, make as much uproar as if he had thrown his grandmother out of the third-floor window. It may be that from the third-floor window that political grandmamma, who is a very tough old lady, will hurl a presumptuous Opportunist. Come what may, in triumph or defeat, Mr. Chamberlain's fame is assured. His personality is stamped upon his time. If he does not appeal to the higher imagination, he typifies, very much as Palmerston did, certain national qualities—courage, tenacity, a determination in any conflict not "to take it lying down." There have been moments unquestionably when Mr. Chamberlain spoke the mind of the whole people. His answer to Count von Bülow, when the German Chancellor made some wanton reflections on the British Army, struck a reverberating note which silenced calumny. There is less of real and permanent animus in England against the foreigner than in any other country; but when a statesman of Herr von Bülow's calibre thought fit to traduce the British soldier, it was necessary that some commanding voice should speak plainly once for all. Mr. Chamberlain performed that useful function with equal dignity and force.

At other times he has not been so happy. The agreeable proverb that "who sups with the devil must use a long spoon" was applied by him on one occasion to a Power whose diplomacy causes us fitful uneasiness. A startled public was told that Mr. Chamberlain had actually addressed this compliment to the humane and amiable Sovereign of that nation. It was not so bad as that; but there was a general feeling that the "long spoon" was a little out of place. It was succeeded by "a squeezed orange," which was supposed to be somewhere in South Africa, not far from the Orange Free State. That also was deemed to be needlessly provocative. Perhaps we are accustomed in this country to attach more importance to phrases than they deserve. Elsewhere the deed, and not the word, is the thing. Even the "long spoon" may not have ruffled the silent and resolute diplomatists for whose benefit it was exhibited. But we are sensitive about the utterances of our public men. We expect them to conform to a certain standard of propriety. The "long spoon" was voted not nice, and the "squeezed orange" was condemned as a cynical threat; and yet both were emblematic of Mr. Chamberlain's fascinating audacity.